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THE MINOR POEMS
OF VERGIL



THE MINOR POEMS OF VERGIL

COMPRISING THE
CULEX, DIRAE, LYDIA, MORETUM,
COPA, PRIAPEIA, AND
CATALEPTON

METRICALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

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TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A TRANSLATION OF FOCA'S
LIFE OF VERGIL

WHILE THE LATIN TEXT OF THE POEMS IS APPENDED

BIRMINGHAM
CORNISH BROTHERS LTD.

PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY

39 NEW STREET

1916

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

PAG 956. E 5. 1914.
MAIN

PREFACE

IN the case of several short poems by the same author it seems desirable that they should be translated by one person, as otherwise the different styles of different translators are likely to interfere with a right conception of the style of the author. As far as I know, these minor poems of Vergil have not been put into English by one translator before. Edmund Spenser published a version of the "Culex" in 1590, Cowper made a translation of the "Moretum" in 1799, and the three "Priapeia" have been translated several times (*e.g.*, by Lamb, 1821, and by Martin, 1861) along with the poems of Catullus, with whose works these pieces were formerly printed. The others I think are translated for the first time.

As a life of Vergil is essential for the understanding of some parts of these poems, such as the "Curses" and the "Catalepton," I have prefixed a translation of Foca's metrical "Life of Vergil." As far as I know, this has not been translated before.

As the Latin text, which is corrupt in many places in the MSS., varies considerably in the different editions, owing to the different editors'

emendations or adoption of different readings, I thought it better to give the text which I have translated also at the end. I have used as few emendations, and stuck as closely to MS. readings, as possible. The best editions of the text along with the various readings of the MSS. are those of Vollmer (Teubner) and Ellis (Oxford Classical Texts), and to these anyone desiring to study the text should refer.

I hope the book will be interesting, and also useful for the purpose of collateral reading with the "Bucolics" and "Georgics," as the similarity of many passages is very striking. I have made the translation as close as possible, compatible with making English of it.

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THE MINOR POEMS OF VERGIL

FOCA'S LIFE OF VERGIL

FOCA, or Phocas, was a Latin grammarian who probably flourished in the fourth century A.D., since he is quoted by Priscian and Cassiodorus. The Latin text of the Life will be found in Heyne's "Vergil," or Riese's Latin Anthology.

O UR Maro, model of Homeric bard,
A river of the ancient Roman speech
That must be honoured, Mantua begot.
For who, O fluent Greece, could bear thy pride,
5 Or who would have been able to endure
So much inflation of thy eloquence,
Had not the emulous Etrurian earth¹
Bestowed a Vergil *on us Latin folk?*
His father was a potter by the name
10 Of Maro, or, as other men relate,
The tiller of a little land engaged
For scanty hire, but *still* th' majority
Assert a potter. Who is not amazed
At marvels of achievements *such as* these?
15 An offshoot rich from meagre vein has shone,

¹ Mantua was the ancient capital of Etruria.

- A potter's son has poems new composed.
 His mother Polla was the progeny,
 And not the last, of Magius and him
 Did honesty secure as sire-in-law,
 20 *For* she to Maro now *at length* was given.
 The anxious mind in dreams performing things
 About to come is wont to take its joys
 Beforehand from its watchful care, so she
 When by her belly's weight mature oppressed
 25 Supposed that she a branch o' th' sacred grove¹
 Of Phoebus *in her travail* had produced.
 O lethargy, *thou art* the proof of truth!
 The gate of horn² did nothing truer e'er
 Transmit, and by the laurels' agency
 30 The mother certainty obtained and learned
 Her burden's art *before the child was born*.
 When Pompeius and Crassus consuls were³
 He forth was brought to vital air, and touched
 The earth just when the sun already mild
 35 Doth from the Virgin's face receive the claws
 Of Scorpio.⁴ The infant didn't cry,
 They say; for with a brow serene he looked
 Upon the universe to which he brought
 So many useful things. The world itself
 40 More joyful, smiled upon the lying-in;
 The earth provided flowers, and growing green

¹ *I.e.*, a branch of laurel.

² Compare "Aeneid," vi, 893, "Twofold are the gates of sleep, whereof the one is said to be of horn, by which an easy exit is granted to the visions of truth." ³ *I.e.*, 70 B.C.

⁴ That is when the sun, already losing its fierceness, is in Libra. This would be about 21 September. The general opinion was that he was born on the Ides (15th) of October.

- With vernal duty placed beneath the boy
 Supports of plants.¹ Moreover, if th' belief
 Is true, but true indeed 'tis proved *to be*,
- 45 A swarm of bees throughout the country wide
Assembled suddenly and covered o'er
 With honeycomb the infant's lips, which soon
 Would spread discourses sweet, as there he lay.
 Renowned antiquity amazed records²
- 50 This proof so great of eloquence *to come*
 As once *vouchsafed* in sacred Plato's case.
 But mother Nature hast'ning to exalt
 Her Rome, presented that to Latium too,
 That nought might to the one give precedence.
- 55 Additional to these occurrences
 His father, seeking as he does to learn
 The future of his son, a poplar twig³
 Inserted in the barren sand, and in
 A little time this, being cherished, sprung
- 60 Up higher than the others whom their age
 Had larger made, an omen thus it grows.
 Because of these occurrences it pleased
 The boy to venture into poetry,
 And to posterity to demonstrate
- 65 The path *he took* to fame about to come.

¹ According to Donatus his mother was delivered of him in a ditch by the roadside.

² Cicero ("De Divinatione," i, 36,) says "When bees had settled on the lips of Plato sleeping in his cradle as a child, it was foretold that he would be endowed with singular sweetness of speech."

³ Donatus says it was the custom in those parts to plant a poplar at a birth, and from its growth or otherwise deduce the child's future. The same idea underlies the tree that flourishes as long as an absent person is well in Grimm and Straparola's folk tales.

- Then first Ballista urged his rude retreat
 Upon the faltering tongue. The night equipped
 With arms this man accustomed to waylay
 In shadows. Knowledge used to hide his crime.
- 70 But soon exposed, the daring highwayman
 Was overwhelmed with stones. The youth upon
 The subject chanced, by which he gave his proofs
 Of being poet, and the punishment
 Sufficed to give the master's verse a start.
- 75 "Ballista buried 'neath this heap of stones,
 Is covered in *nor moves his bones* ;
 So, traveller, *in peace* pursue your way,
 'Tis *now* secure by night or day."
 I ne'ertheless more briefly this have put
- 80 If right it be to imitate our bard:
 "His punishment o'erlies Ballista here
 The way is safe throughout the districts near."
Or thus, "O traveller, proceed assured,
 Ballista lieth here immured."
- 85 Thereafter he rehearsed in slender verse
The story and the obsequies o' th' gnat.
 "O tiny gnat, the keeper of the flocks
 Doth pay to thee, deserving such a thing,
 The duty of a ceremonial tomb,
- 90 In payment for the gift of life to him."
 And then to thee did mighty Rome herself
 O Maro, Syro¹ as thy teacher bring,
 And joined her nobles unto thee as friends.
 Maecenas, Varus, Gallus, Pollio,
- 95 For thee with all the warmth of friendship glow ;
 And each of these who will for ever live

¹ Syro was an Epicurean philosopher.

Through thee, appropriates thee for himself.
 Relate, O Muse, what was the cause *which led*
Our Maro to compose his books? The prince
 100 Augustus had assumed the helm of state.
 Already of his country's ruin he
 Avenger was, already is the host
 Enrolled which soon will see Philippi¹ drenched
 With slaughter of the former men of power.
 105 Here Pompey's vindicator Cassius
 And Brutus perish *with their friends* in arms.
 The victor, not contented though he had
 Enriched his veteran cohorts with the spoils
 Of leaders slain, proscribed unfortunate
 110 Cremona's² flourishing estates, and all
 Its booty was conceded to his men,
 The payment of their toils. The boisterous band
 Was rioting throughout the fields. Nor do
 The gales, the darts of Jove, the foaming stream,
 115 The rushing rains such devastation cause
 As does that impious band. O Mantua,
 Thou wast connected with the place, and with
 Its dangers wast associated, not
 However from desert;³ 'twas nearness made
 120 Thee wretched too. Already Maro had
 Been driven out. But he, relying on
 His friend's protection, went to meet the force;
 When nearly did he die by wicked sword.

¹ Philippi was a town in Macedonia near which the Republican forces were routed.

² Cremona had espoused the cause of Brutus, and consequently suffered after his defeat.

³ Mantua had not deserved pillage as it had supported Augustus.

- O hand, why ragest thou? Why dost thou seek
125 The heart of Rome with sacrilegious blade?
Posterity will silent be about
Thy wars and e'en thy very leader's self
If Mantua be inarticulate.
The learned group of men in power did not
130 Endure this madness. To the head o' th' state
They take their way; and what these martial roughs
Had done they show, and at the placid nod
Of Caesar were his little fields restored
To him who things so pitiful had borne.
135 When he, improved in circumstances by
These kindnesses, was wanting to repay
Them something worth, he thought about a lay
With which he may be able to surpass
Their gifts. The farming lands doth Caesar give
140 The benefit of holding which was brief,
While he has got the praises which no age
Will silence. Shepherds first he sang about.
The consul Pollio is praised in this
Collection made in years recurring thrice.
145 In volumes four he after this set forth
The principles of tilling land, and things
Adapted to the soil he taught, the whole
He finished in a year below the ten.
In buskined verse he thundered afterwards
150 The wars of Trojans and Rutulians.
The dozen books presented to his chief
Revered he made within a dozen years.
The bard however settled in his mind
To travel through the places both of land
155 And sea which handed down by common fame

He has commemorated, that he might
More certainly by eyes' reminder note
Them in his books. A start is made, but when
He reached Calabria, *arising* from
160 The baneful malice of the Fates, a fell
Disease his body rendered thin and weak,
And here when he perceived his weakness and
The threat'ning fate,¹ *he wanted to destroy*
Th' Aeneid since he hadn't polished it.
165 *But this was not allowed: to Varius*
And Tucca then he left it on their word
That they would add or alter nothing there.
At Naples did he bid them bury him
And for his epitaph composed the lines
170 "I first the light in Mantua did see,
Since then Calabrians have stolen me,
And me at last Parthenope² doth hold:
I sang of pastures, farms, and heroes bold."

¹ The MS. is deficient here and the rest is wanting, so I have supplied something like what it must have been.

² Parthenope is Naples. It got this name from the body of Parthenope, one of the Sirens, having been washed ashore there.

THE GNAT

THE scene of this poem is the Theban district of Greece, below Mount Cithaeron.

ANALYSIS OF THE POEM

- Lines 1-65. Introduction addressed to Octavius.
- „ 66-90. The shepherd at dawn drives out his flock to their pastures.
- „ 91-148. Digression on the pleasures of a shepherd's life as compared with those of a rich man.
- „ 149-240. Amid such cogitations the shepherd looks after his flock until noon, when he drives them to the fountain in Diana's Wood, the trees, etc., of which are described in detail. Here he falls asleep in the shade by the fountain.
- „ 241-273. Chance brings along a huge snake which was in the habit of coming to the fountain in the middle of the day to immerse itself in the mud to keep cool. When it sees the man there it becomes enraged and is going to attack him.
- „ 274-284. At this moment a gnat stung him in the eye, and as he sprang up and crushed it to death with his hand he saw the serpent.
- „ 285-300. Jumping aside he broke off a thick bough and battered the serpent to death with it.
- „ 301-319. After resting awhile, as it is getting dark, he drives his flock home and goes to bed himself. As he sleeps, the ghost of the gnat appears to him and upbraids him with his ingratitude in killing it when it had just saved his life by wakening him up.
- „ 320-565. It tells him of its wanderings throughout the Lower World (digression on gratitude and duty, 331-344) and the persons and things it has seen there.

Lines 566-575. Thereafter it says that it is now going away never to return, and admonishes him, even though he should forget its words, to pay attention to fount, and pasture, and wood.

„ 576-616. When the shepherd woke up, troubled by his dream he set to work to make a cenotaph for the gnat. Getting his old sword, he made a big mound of earth by its aid. He put an edging of white stones round the base of the mound, and planted it with all kinds of flowers and fruits. Having done this, he set up in front of it an epitaph to the gnat, which is given as a tail-piece.

OCTAVIUS, I've amused myself with sport
Which graceful Thalia¹ regulates for me,

And as the little spiders do I've made

A slight beginning. I've amused myself

5 By means of this, the poem of the Gnat

It may be called. In order that the whole

Arrangement of the story and its plan

And leaders' words, may harmonize

Throughout the *merry little play I've made,*

10 A critic may be present, 'tis allowed.

Whoe'er's prepared to blame the jests and Muse

Is lighter than the weight of e'en a gnat,

And shall be tolerated by my fame.

But later on my Muse shall speak to thee

15 In weightier tone, when undisturbed rewards

The times shall give to me, that poems may

For thee be smoothed in verse that's dignified.

The mighty Jove's and fair Latona's pride,

Their golden offspring Phoebus, shall be chief

20 Of cast and instigator of my lay,

¹ Thalia was the Muse of Comedy. She was the mother of the Corybantes by Apollo.

And its promoter on resounding lyre.
 And whether Arna bathed with Xanthus stream
 From Mount Chimaera, or Asteria's pride,
 Or cliff Parnassian where it from its brow

25 In this direction and in that extends
 Its horns diverging, and Castalia's wave
 Resounding glides with liquid foot below,
 Possesses him, *within my lay he'll be.*

So then, ye pride of streams Pierian,
 30 Ye Naiad sisters, come and celebrate
 The god with sportive dancing in a ring.

And holy Pales,¹ thou to whom returns
 The rustic's increase good about to come,
 To whom belongs the care of keeping green
 35 The woods and dress aërial of the groves,
 With thee, O lady dweller in the woods,
 I'm borne a wand'rer 'mid the woods and caves.
 And thou, Octavius, worthy of our awe,
 To whom to draw a-nigh doth confidence

40 Arise in these the writings I've begun
 From kindnesses received: for, holy youth,
 My page² doth not relate to thee the war
 Calamitous of Jupiter, and set
The lines of battle Phlegra once did show,

45 And earth which was bespattered with the blood
 Of Giants, nor Lapithae urge upon

¹ Pales was the Roman goddess of flocks and shepherds. Her festival was held on 21 April, and its rites are described by Ovid, "Fasti," iv, 721, etc. Some have tried to show that Pales was a male divinity, but the passages they adduce do not support this contention.

² *I.e.*, he does not sing of the war of the Gods and Giants, nor of the fight of the Lapithae and Centaurs, nor the Persian Wars, of which he proceeds to quote incidents.

Centaurean swords, nor doth the East consume
With flames th' Athenian citadels, nor with
A trench is Athos sundered from the land,
50 Nor do the chains that then were thrown upon
The mighty sea, now seek so late for fame
In book of mine. The Hellespont is not
By feet of horses trampled when the Greeks
The Persians everywhere advancing feared,
55 But apt in verse my gentle lay doth joy
With strength its own to run with graceful foot
And sport with leader Phoebus. This my lay
To thee shall be related, holy youth,
And it shall strive to be to thee for aye
60 A shining glory, one to last through time;
And may a place in loyal home remain
For thee, and may the life of safety due
To thee be chronicled through happy years,
Conspicuous, and pleasing to the good.
65 But now to my commencement am I borne.
Already into th' heights of upper sky
The sun had penetrated with his fires
And scattered beams of light from gilded car,
And with her rosy locks Aurora had
70 The darkness put to flight: when from the fold
To happy pastures did the shepherd drive
His she-goats forth, and sought the highest ridge
Of lofty mountain where the dewy grass
Was covering the hills extended wide.
75 In woods and thickets now they vagrant go,
Again they hide their bodies in the dells,
And now in every quarter wand'ring fleet
They cropped the verdant grass with dainty bite

- Then having left the banks they strayed towards
 80 The stony hollows, hanging from the far
 Extended twigs arbutus fruits are culled,
 And in the corses eagerly the grapes
 In bunches thick there growing wild are sought.
 Here this one seizes with a pulling bite
 85 The drooping tops of pliant willow tree,
 Or of the alder, which have sprouted new;
 Amid the tender brambles of the bush
 Another tears her way; while that one there
 Doth threaten on the water *of a stream*
 90 Her own reflection standing forward there.
 O good are shepherds' times, if anyone
 Doth not disdain from mind aforetime trained ¹
 Th' enjoyment of a man that's poor, and tries
 The same; to him are all the things unknown
 95 Which tear asunder greedy minds with cares,
 The price of luxury to hostile breast.
 If fleeces doubly dipped in Tyrian dye
 Shall not have been bestowed on him with wealth
 Like that of Attalus, if sheen of gold
 100 Beneath the fretted ceiling of a house
 And pride of painted scene doth trouble not
 A greedy mind, the man's been taught by proof
 That glistening of stones doth not proceed
 From any usefulness, nor do the cups
 105 Of Alco, nor Boëthius's ² embossed
 Reliefs restore the thing that pleased, nor of
 Importance is the pearl of Indian seas,

¹ *I.e.*, trained to the enjoyment of wealth. Compare the "Georgics," ii, 458, etc.

² Boethius is mentioned by Pliny (N.H. 33, 12, 55) for his excellence in embossing.

But with a conscious clear he oftentimes
 Upon the tender grass his body throws
 110 When blooming earth bedecked by budding plants
 With alternating colours marks in spring
 The separated fields;¹ and him *we see*
 Rejoicing with resounding reed from out
 The marsh, and spending thus his ease with fraud
 115 Removed and envy, self-sufficing too,
 When shining with its branches green the crest
 Of Tmolus² wraps him 'neath its vine-shoot cloak.
 To him belong the pleasing she-goats, rich
 In milk, the grove and fertile marshy land,
 120 And dripping into fountains ever fresh
 The gloomy caverns down within the vales.
 For who with better reason in an age
 To be desired can be more fortunate
 Than he who, far away with conscious clear
 125 And disposition proved, doth nothing know
 Of greedy wrath or dismal wars, nor fears
 The deadly contest of a mighty fleet,
 Nor while with shining spoils he decorates
 The holy temples of the gods, or raised
 130 Aloft the bound of having doth transcend,
 Doth offer to his cruel foes a head
 Opposed in vain? To him the god³ by art
 Unpolished with a pruning hook is dear,
 He rev'rences the sacred groves, to him

¹ Another reading is "decorated fields."

² Tmolus was a mountain in Lydia. The air there was said to be so wholesome that its inhabitants lived to be 150 years old. It and the country round was very fertile and produced vines and flowers in abundance. The river Pactolus rose there. "Tmolus sends us scented saffron," "Georgics," i, 56.

³ *I.e.*, Priapus.

- 135 The country plants Panchaian ¹ incense bring
 From divers flowers, to him is sweet repose
 And pleasure pure and free available,
 With simple cares. He strives for this, to this
 Doth every sense direct him, to his heart
- 140 This care's applied, that wheresoe'er he be
 Contented he may have in plenty there
 Both food and recreation, and restore
 His wearied body with a pleasant sleep.
 O flocks, O Pans, O Tempe's ² lovely vale
- 145 The land of fount and Hamadryads ³ too,
 In whose unpolished worship emulous
 Of Ascre's poet ⁴ every shepherd doth
 Display a life secure with tranquil breast.
- 'Mid cogitations such the shepherd tends
- 150 His sunny cares as on he pressed with staff,
 And while he modulates his song entire
 On reeds ⁵ arranged *by length*, melodious not
 By art; upborne Hyperion's ⁶ heat extends
 Its rays and in the universe of heaven
- 155 Doth set the brilliant turning-point ⁷ in which
 It hurls on either ocean greedy flames.

¹ Panchaia was a fabulous island, in the Erythraean Sea, which was supposed to abound in precious stones, frankincense, myrrh, etc.

² Tempe was a vale in Thessaly through which the river Peneus flows. It lay between Olympus and Ossa.

³ Hamadryads were the nymphs of trees with whose existence their own was bound up. ⁴ *I.e.*, Hesiod.

⁵ *I.e.*, a Pan's pipe or Syrinx.

⁶ Hyperion is stated to be the father of Sol, the sun, but is here, as often in poetry, put for the sun.

⁷ *I.e.*, reaches its highest point, whence it sends its rays equally on the eastern and western oceans. Of course, the earth was regarded as flat.

And now upon the shepherd urging them
 The wand'ring goats retraced their steps towards
 The deepest bottoms of the murmuring stream

160 Which tarried dark beneath the verdant moss.

Along the middle portion of his course
 The sun was driving now, and to the shade
 Where deepest, did the shepherd drive his flock
 And from a distance, Delian goddess,¹ saw

165 Them settle in thy verdant grove, in which
 O'ercome by rage and fleeing Bacchus once
 Agave, daughter she of Cadmus, came
 And foul'd her wicked hands with murder red.
 She rioted in Bacchic style upon

170 The ranges cool and rested in a cave ;
 But later on there'll be a punishment
 For having caused the murder of her son.

And here as well upon the verdant sward
 Were sporting Pans and Satyrs, Dryads, too,

175 And with them damsels of the water nymphs
 In this assemblage did the dances lead.

And Orpheus by his singing didn't hold
 The Hebrus standing still between its banks
 And woods, as much as did the joyful girls

180 Displaying many pleasures to thy gaze
 Detain thee lingering, O goddess fleet!

And from the very nature of the place
 To them it gave a home with whisperings
 Re-echoing, and in its pleasant shades

185 Refreshed the wearied girls. For first arose
 From sloping vale the lofty spreading planes,
 And, these among, the wicked lotus *grew*,

¹ *I.e.*, Diana.

The wicked lotus which away did force
 The comrades of the mournful Ithacan,¹
 190 While it as hostess held the men enslaved
 By its excessive sweetness. *Poplars, erst*
 The daughters of the Sun, whose limbs from grief
 Had Phaëthon² transformed when downward hurled
 By his distinguished team of horses, scorched,
 195 With tender bodies snowy arms they twined
 And spread on slender boughs their coverings.
 Yet further back *the almond tree, a girl*³
 It was, to whom bewailing his deceit
 Unending evils Demophöon left:
 200 O faithless Demophöon, faithless thou
 To many women wast, and now thou'rt one
 To be repelled by girls. And this the oaks
 Succeeded, songs of Fate *were theirs*,⁴ for oaks
 Were given before the elements of life
 205 Of Ceres; these to bearded ears of corn
 The furrow of Triptolemus transformed.
 And here a great distinction to the ship,
 The Argo, is produced the bristling pine
 Which ornaments the woods with branches high,
 210 And tries to reach the stars from airy peaks.
 And holm-oaks dark and weeping cypress here
 And shady beeches spring, and ivy ropes
 Its branches binding lest the poplar strike
 Fraternal blows, and pliant they themselves

¹ *I.e.*, Ulysses, king of Ithaca. The story referred to is related in Homer's "Odyssey," ix, 84, etc.

² The story of Phaëthon is told in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," ii.

³ This girl was Phyllis, whence Palladius (lib. xiv) calls the almond tree Phyllida.

⁴ This refers to the oaks of Dodona, which gave oracles.

- 215 Ascend its very highest points, and there
 Their golden ivy-berry clusters paint
 On palish green. To which was near at hand
 The myrtle, conscious of its ancient fate.
 With brambles too upon the higher parts
 220 Which lightly blowing on, the whistling wind's
 Most gentle breath doth in disorder throw.
 Beneath them, dripping from the fountains cool
 Was water which, while sprung from brooklets swift,
 Doth pour a stream untroubled forth. The birds,
 225 Moreover, dwelling in the spreading boughs
 Emit their sweet resounding songs by means
 Of varied melodies, and wheresoe'er
 The song of birds doth smite on both our ears
 'Tis there that plaintive croaks repeat the sound
 230 From those ¹ for whom the water cherishes
 Their bodies swimming in the mud. The sounds
 O' th' air doth echo feed, and in the heat
 Doth every place with lively crickets creak.
 And as the shepherd, stretched at length, beside
 235 The fountain in the densest shade reposed,
 And round in all directions lay his goats,
 He felt a stupor soft his limbs invade.
 For, thinking not of any lurking ill,
 He unconcerned upon the grass had laid
 240 The limbs oppressed by slumber, free from care.
 Extended on the ground, he thus had ta'en
 Repose that's sweet to th' heart if Chance had not
 The order given to bring unlikely haps.
 For, rolling onward at its wonted time
 245 By paths the same, a monstrous speckled snake

¹ *I.e.*, the frogs.

With many-coloured body *now there comes*
 To sink submerged in mud i' th' heat intense.
 With brassy coat 'twas heavy, snapping at
 Whate'er was in the way with quiv'ring tongue,
 250 And twirled its scaly coils with motions wide.
 The gleams of it approaching took upon
 Themselves fantastic shapes at every point.
 Now curving more and more a body which
 Is capable of bending back it lifts
 255 Its breast with shining splendours, and upon
 Th' uplifted neck the head itself, from which
 A crest is upwards raised: conspicuous
 With purple hood 'tis variegated all,
 And from its savage glare there gleams the flash
 260 Of flames. And while 'twas measuring by eye
 The places round itself the monster sees
 The leader of the flock reclined in front:
 More angry, darting glances round, it hastes
 T' extend, and oft'ner seizing them to break
 265 The things i' th' way with savage *mouth*, because
 A man had come to waters deemed its own.
 The arms of Nature it prepares, it glows
 With resolution, and it vents its rage
 With hissings, sounds defiance with its mouth;
 270 To upward rounded curves its body's coils
 Are twisted; drops of bloody froth upon
 The path are dripping everywhere; it tears
 Its jaws asunder with its energy.
 While it these preparations all doth make
 275 A tiny nurseling¹ of the moisture first
 Alarms the man, and warns him by its sting

¹ *I.e.*, a gnat which is bred in marshy places.

To shun his death: for where the eyelids were
 Exposing opened eyes and pupils, there
 (He was of nature somewhat old ¹) was struck
 280 The pupil by its weapon light. Enraged
 He started up and crushed the gnat to death.
 Its every sense was scattered, spirit gone.
 And then he saw the serpent near at hand
 Retaining *fixed on him* its glaring eyes:
 285 From here he quick and breathless, hardly in
 His senses, backward fled, and with his hand
 A sturdy bough he from a tree did break.
 What chance or which o' th' gods did lend their aid
 (For either chance or god had giv'n the means)
 290 It may be dang'rous to proclaim, but he
 Availed with such assistance to subdue
 The dreadful coiling joints o' th' scaly snake.
 And he the bones of it resisting and
 Attacking savagely with frequent blows
 295 Doth batter, where the crest doth crown its head.
 And since he still was slow, though languor all
 Was gone—for seeing it a dread unknown
 Had numbed his limbs, but this did not so much
 His mind with direful terror fill—and when
 300 He saw it languish, slain; he sat him down.
 And now from Erebus ² arising Night
 Doth drive her horses yoked in pair abreast,
 And from the gilded Oeta ³ cometh slow

¹ The shepherd is also represented as an old man in line 580. Old people were supposed to sleep with their eyes open.

² Erebus was the Lower World.

³ Mount Oeta was a mountain between Thessaly and Macedonia. It was so high that the stars were supposed to rise behind it.

The evening star. When, having got his herd
 305 Together, in the growing shadows then
 The shepherd hies away, and doth prepare
 To furnish due repose to wearied limbs.
 As through his frame a somewhat gentle sleep
 Did penetrate, and in a slumber deep
 310 His listless limbs reposed, there came to him
 The ghost of th' gnat and sang to him reproach
 In consequence of its unhappy death.
 Says it: "From what deserts, to whom denounced,
 Am I compelled these harsh vicissitudes
 315 To undergo? While dearer was thy life
 To me than life itself I'm carried off
 By winds through empty space. Indifferent,
 Thou dost refresh thy limbs with pleasant sleep,
 From loathsome slaughter snatched. But my remains
 320 The gods below compel to float across
 The waves of Lethe; Charon's¹ prey I'm led.
 The threshold² blazing with its torches have
 I seen, i' th' darkened temples everything
 Is shining brightly; Tisiphone³ decked
 325 On every side with snakes encounters me
 And brandishes both flames and cruel whips.
 Behind is Cerberus,⁴ vehement are
 His mouths with barkings dire, his necks with snakes

¹ Charon was the ferryman who ferried the souls of the dead over the Styx into Hades.

² The threshold of Hell, that is. The entrance to the dark temples or abodes of Pluto.

³ Tisiphone was one of the Erinnyes, and seems to have acted as the portress of Hell.

⁴ Cerberus was the many-headed watch-dog of Hell, who would let souls in but not out. See Hyginus or Hesiod.

Erected from them bristle here and there,
330 His eyes emit a glow of blood-red light.
(Alas! how gratitude has gone aside
From kindly service, when I from the very door
Of death did give thee back to those above!
O where are piety's rewards and where
335 Its honours? Into toils vicarious
For nought they've disappeared. Did Justice not
Withdraw by right, and with her former Faith?
Another's fate impending did I see,
And disregarding what would hap to me,
340 To consequences similar I'm brought.
To one deserving well the punishment
Doth happen: let the punishment be death,
Provided only that the will be good,
'Tis manifest the duty is the same.¹)
345 I'm borne along o'erpassing places waste,
The wastes remote amid Cimmerian² groves;
Around me thicken dismal punishments
On every side, for monstrous Otus³ sad
Doth sit with serpents bound regarding from
350 A distance Ephialtes bound the same,
When formerly they'd tried to mount the sky.
And troubled Tityös⁴ remembering

¹ One's duty is the same whatever the consequences.

² The Cimmerians were a fabulous people who dwelt in everlasting darkness.

³ Otus and Ephialtes were giants, the twin sons of Neptune by Iphimedeia.

⁴ Tityös was a giant who offered violence to Latona, and was slain in consequence by Apollo. In the Lower World he lay stretched over nine jugers, while a vulture constantly fed on his liver, which was as constantly renewed.

Thy wrath, Latona (wrath too merciless!)
 As food of bird doth lie. I'm terrified,
 355 Ah! terrified to dwell on shades so great.
 To Stygian waters I'm recalled: the one¹
 Who's last, with difficulty standing back
 I' th' stream, which backward flew on every side
 From th' dry sensation of his throat, is he
 360 Who handed down the god's ambrosial food.
 Afar the man² who's toiling up the hill
 Which rolleth back his rock, whom seeking for
 Himself some ease in vain doth bitter grief
 Subdue, 'tis said contemned the deities.
 365 Depart, O girls,³ depart, for whom the harsh
 Erinnyes lit the torches, Hymen-like,
 And gave the bridal prophesied, of death.
 And other throngs together closely pressed
 Besides the other multitude *I see*:
 370 The Colchian woman,⁴ senseless mother, in
 Her wild impiety designing wounds
 That worry⁵ for her apprehensive sons;
 Anon from stock of Pandion the girls⁶
 We should commiserate, whose voice repeats
 375 But "Itys," "Itys"; while the Thracian king,
 Bereft of him and borne aloft upon
 The breezes swift, as hoopoe doth lament.
 The disagreeing brothers,⁷ too, who sprung
 From th' blood of Cadmus, now their truculent
 380 And hostile eyes and body move, the one
 Against the other's. Each of them has turned

¹ Tantalus. ² Sisyphus. ³ The Danaides. ⁴ Medea.

⁵ *I.e.*, that would worry her husband, Jason.

⁶ Procne and Philomela.

⁷ Eteocles and Polynices.

Away already, since his impious hand
 Doth drip with brother's blood. Alas! my toil
 Is never to be changed. I'm swept away.

385 Beyond to places different far, unlike
The others are the names I *now* perceive,
 For carried off toward th' Elysian wave
 I'm led, *a stream* that must be swum across.
 Encountering me doth Proserpina urge
 390 Her heroine companions forth to hold
 The torches unpropitious *when they wed*.
 Inviolatè, Alcestis¹ rests at ease
 From every care, because *by her* the care
 Tormenting of her spouse Admetus in
 395 The Chalcodonian² *mountains* was deferred.
 Behold! the daughter always continent
 Of Icarus—Ulysses' wife³—received
 As ornament of womankind; and far
 From her remains the gallant crowd of youths
 400 Her suitors, pierced with darts. With grief so great
 Why went the wretched Eurydice back?⁴
 'Twas Orpheus looked behind and now on thee
 The punishment remains. He's bold indeed
 Who ever thought that Cerberus was mild,
 405 Or Dis's power for any could be soothed,
 Nor raging feared Phlegethon with its waves,
 Of fire, nor yet the dismal realms of Dis
 By gloom possessed, and excavated homes,

¹ Alcestis died willingly in place of her husband, but she was brought back from the tomb by Hercules.

² "Nor did Admetus, the lord of Pherae, rich in sheep, stay behind beneath the peak of the Chalcodonian Mount." Apoll. Rhod., i, 49, Seaton's translation.

³ Penelope.

⁴ Compare "Georgics," iv, 467 and following lines.

And Tartarus that 's filled with blood-red night,
 410 And Dis's throne with judge who after death
 The deeds of life avenges, not with ease
Approached by one who's still without a judge.¹
 But mighty Fortune had aforetime made
 Him bold. Already rapid streams had stood
 415 And throngs of beasts had occupied the place
 Enticed by Orpheus's alluring voice,
 And now the oak had from the verdant soil
 Dislodged on high its lowest root [the streams
 Had stood²] and of themselves the sounding woods
 420 Were soaking up his songs with greedy bark.
 The Moon her horses gliding through the stars
 In two-horse chariot has checked as well;
 And thou, O maiden of the month, to hear
 His lyre didst hold thy running horses back,
 425 The night relinquished. Able was this lyre
 To conquer thee, O spouse of Dis,³ as well,
 And get thee to surrender of thyself
 His Eurydice to be led away.
 It wasn't right, 'twas not the easily
 430 Persuaded *will* o' th' goddess *queen* of Death
That she should be restored again to life.
 But she, who by experience knew too well
 The gods severe below, the path prescribed
 Was marking with her footsteps, neither turned
 435 She back her eyes, nor did she bring to nought
 The bounty of the goddess with her tongue.

¹ *I.e.*, by one who's still alive.

² The words in brackets were probably repeated in error in the MSS. from the place where they occur a few lines before. Leo suggests instead of them "the pine As well." ³ *I.e.*, Proserpina.

But cruel, more than cruel, Orpheus, thou,
 Desiring kisses dear, didst break the gods'
 Commands. His love was worthy pardon though,
 440 If Tartarus had known a pleasing fault:
 'Tis grievous you should keep it in your mind.
 In front of you i' th' dwelling of the good
 Abides a band of heroes, also here
 Are both the sons of Aeacus, for in
 445 Their sire's secure authority¹ the strength
 Of Telamon and Peleus doth rejoice;
 Upon whose weddings Love and Valour brought
 Distinction. Periboea² carried off
 The one, a Nereid the other loved.
 450 A youngish man³ is sitting near them here
 And joins them from the glory of his lot;
 He, high on place demolished, driving back
 The fires from Grecian ships, doth smite with skill
 The Phrygians routed in a mob. O who
 455 Of such a war may not recount the turns
 Which men of Troy have seen, which Greeks have seen,
 When Trojan earth, the stream of Xanthus too
 And Simois with mighty blood did flow,
 And when the shores of Sigaeum, besides
 460 The Troad, furnished men prepared to bear
 Both wounds and slaughter, darts and fire, against
 The Grecian fleets with force and fell intent,
 From rage because of Hector, cruel chief?

¹ "Aeacus was also held in honour by Pluto after his death and kept the keys of Hades." Apollodorus, iii, 12, 6.

² Instead of Periboea the MSS. read "feritas," savageness. Peleus married the Nereid Thetis, while Telamon married Periboea.

³ Ajax, son of Telamon.

For Ida's self, which breeds ferocity
 465 In those who roam it, Ida, their support,
 Supplied its eager nurselings torches from
 Itself, that all the coast o' th' Rhoetean shore
 Might be conceded to the fleets consumed
 To ashes by the weeping flame.¹ Against
 470 Them here the Telamonian hero was
 Opposed, and joins in combats with his shield
 Before him placed, and Hector there there was,
 The highest pride of Troy, and each was keen.
 A crash there is as when the lightnings fly
 475 From out the whirlwind; *one doth with his hand*
The blazing pines discharge upon the ships,
 With shields and darts *doth rush upon the foe,*
That haply he might stop their getting back.
 Defended by his sword the other draws
 480 A-nigh that Vulcan's havoc from the ships
 He may avert. The son of Aeacus²
 These honours had by visage stern concealed.
 Another,³ too, was there because he did
 As victor circle Troy with Hector's corpse,
 485 Whose blood was spilt upon Dardania's plains.
 Again they loudly utter bitter words,
 For Paris slays him⁴ and *the heroes claim*
 His arms, to one do some assign them, some

¹ He represents the flame as weeping at the havoc it was to cause. This kind of "conceit" was very fashionable in England in the seventeenth century. Thus Cowley writes of a "trembling sky" and a "startled sun."

² Telamonian Ajax.

³ Achilles, who was also a descendant of Aeacus.

⁴ *I.e.*, Achilles. Then Ajax and Ulysses were rival claimants for his armour. But the wiles of Ulysses, son of Laërtes, proved superior to the blind valour of Ajax, and the former got them.

Would give them to the other; valour blind
 490 Doth smitten fall before Ulysses' wiles.
 From him Laërtes' son averts his looks
 And now the vanquisher of Rhesus, king
 Of Thracia, and of Dolon, triumphing
 In Pallas *stolen* doth rejoice, anon
 495 He shakes for fear, he now the Cicones,
 And now the dreadful Laestrygon himself,
 Doth shudder at. Rapacious Scylla girt
 With monstrous dogs, the Cyclops of the Mount
 Of Aetna, Charybdis that must be feared,¹
 500 The yellow lakes and gloomy Tartarus,
 Affright him. Here the son of Atreus,²
 A scion of the race of Tantalus,
 Is at their side, the glory of the Greeks;
 While he was king the Doric flame destroyed
 505 The towers of Troy completely, but alas!
 The Greek has paid the penalty, O Troy,
 For overthrowing thee: about to die
 He wended back o'er Hellespontian waves.
 That host the ups and downs of men did once
 510 Attest that no one might, by gift of his
 Especial fortune rich, advance upborne
 Above the sky: for every dignity
 Is smashed by Envy's weapon near at hand.
 The Grecian power repairing to its land,
 515 By booty of the Trojan citadel
 Enriched, proceeded on the deep. Along
 With it there went a favouring breeze upon
 Its course o'er th' placid sea. A Nereid

¹ Another reading is "Charybdis of Sicily."

² *I.e.*, Agamemnon.

Was making signals from the waves ; a part ¹
 520 Had been gone over by the curving keels,
 When either by celestial fate or by
 The rising of a star, on every side
 The sky's bright look is changed, and everything
 By winds, by whirlwinds everything's disturbed ;
 525 The wave o' th' sea already strives to lift
 Itself to th' stars, and now it from above
 Doth threaten suns and stars together all
 To sweep away and fall with violence,
 A crashing of the sky upon the earth.
 530 But late rejoicing, here the anxious force
 Is by its wretched fates beset, and dies
 Upon the waves, Caphareus's rocks,²
 Or by Euboic cliffs and widely through
 Aegean shores, when wandering here and there
 535 Upon the watery flood now shipwrecked floats
 Annihilated Phrygia's booty all.
 Here other heroes dwell, the peers of these
 In reputation of their fortitude ;
 In middle habitations all are fixed.
 540 And Rome, the glory of the spacious world,
 Admits them all *her sons*. The Fabii
 And Decii are here, and here the brave
 Horatius, here Camilli,³ too, whose fame
 Of old will never die, and Curtius,
 545 Whom formerly amid the City's homes
 Devoted⁴ with his ornaments the bog
 Voracious swallowed up beneath its ooze.

¹ A part of the journey.

² See also "Aeneid," xi, 260.

³ Another reading is "Metelli."

⁴ *I.e.*, devoted to the gods below.

And crafty Mucius with his body fire
 Endured; to him th' intimidated might
 550 Of Lydian¹ king did yield; and Curius
 Was here a sharer of his valour bright,
 And that renowned Flaminius who gave
 His body, thus devoted, to the flames.
 (Such honours therefore *they* by right *possess*,
 555 Th' abodes of piety.) And Scipios,
 The leaders at whose triumphs swift the walls
 Of Libyan Carthage doomed to perish shake.
 While those in praise their own are flourishing,
 I'm forced to go to Dis's darkened lakes,
 560 Deprived of light of day, t' endure the vast
 Phlegethon where, O greatest Minos,² thou
 From pious seat the wicked bonds dost part.
 Accordingly, the cruel goddesses
 Of vengeance force us with the lash to tell
 565 Before the judge the cause of death and life.
 While thou the cause of evil art to me,
 And helpest not, though knowing it, but dost
 With cares that may be borne unmindful hear
 These words, and notwithstanding wilt the dream³
 570 Abandon to the winds as thou dost go.
 Away I'm going, never to return:
 Do thou, rejoicing, tend the pastures green
 And woods of fount and groves. But words of mine
 Are swept away by means of breezes wide."

¹ *I.e.*, Porsenna. Lydian=Etruscan. Compare "Lydorum Manus," a band of Etruscans, "Aeneid," ix, 11.

² Minos was the son of Jupiter and Europa and was king of Crete. After his death he became one of the judges of the Lower World.

³ Another reading is "and ne'ertheless wilt everything."

- 575 He spoke, and sad with final words retired.
When life's inactive state has quitted him
Disturbed and groaning grievously within
No longer did he brook the grief about
The gnat's demise on his perceptions pressed.
- 580 The strength his aged powers conferred on him
(With which he ne'ertheless had overcome
In fight a dangerous foe) he active takes
To shape a place concealed beneath the green
And leafy boughs, a stream of water near.
- 585 And with a view to this *memorial* round
He settles in his mind from verdant sward
To dig the grassy earth, and for the need
The handle of his sword doth take again.
For him at length did heedful care, the toil
- 590 Begun completing, gather up the piled
Material, and with a plenteous mound
Of earth a tomb arose in circle shaped.
Around it placing stone of marble smooth,
He plants it, mindful of his constant care.
- 595 And growing here throughout the brilliant ring
Acanthus is, and bashful¹ roses too,
And every kind of violet; and here
Is Spartan myrtle, hyacinth as well,
And here the crocus by Cilician field
- 600 Produced, the laurel, too, the rising pride
Of Phoebus; here the oleander *was*,
And lilies, and the never distant care
Of rosemary, and savin, which the power
Of incense to the men of old expressed,
- 605 And marigolds, and sheen of ivy with

¹ Another reading is "blushing."

Its berry clusters wan, and bocchus, plant
 Commemorative of the Libyan king;
 The amaranth¹ is here, and grapes which large
 Do cluster, ever-flowering picris too.

610 Narcissus² isn't absent there, in whom
 His beauty's radiance from Cupid's fire
 For limbs his own begot a hot desire;
 And all the flowers that blooming seasons know.
 With these the mound is planted o'er; then on

615 The front is placed th' inscription which asserts,
 The letters *saying it* with silent speech:
 "O tiny gnat, the keeper of the flocks
 Doth pay to thee, deserving such a thing,
 The duty of a ceremonial tomb,

620 In payment for the gift of life to him."

original 414 has edited by Charles Ollivant

¹ The amaranth, or everlasting flower, was of a purple colour.

² The legend ran, that on seeing his reflection in some water, he fell in love with himself, and pining away because he couldn't have himself, was changed into the flower of that name.

THE CURSES

THESE pieces were probably written by Vergil after he had been evicted from his farm and before its restoration to him. See the "Life of Vergil," lines 107-123. Nothing is known as to the Battarus whom he associates with himself in making his imprecations. Probably he was a friend who was involved in the same misfortunes, or it may be the name was used to represent his father. Under the name of Lycurgus (line 12) he refers to the soldier who had appropriated his farm.

It is enumerated among Vergil's works by Donatus and Servius, and is ascribed to him by MSS., and the circumstances referred to in it correspond with those of Vergil absolutely, and yet, in defiance of all this, many professors of Latin have for hundreds of years assigned the pieces to Valerius Cato! Since they knew more about it than Romans of A.D. 350 I can only liken them to the German professor who was wont to assert that he could "spik English besser als de English demselfs." Valerius Cato's circumstances, as disclosed in Suetonius's life of him, in no way correspond to those of the writer of this poem, and the only point of resemblance is that Valerius Cato wrote a poem called the Lydia.

○ BATTARUS, in song let us repeat
Our farewell words, and let us sing again
Our parted homes and lands, the lands on which
We've imprecated curses, wicked prayers.

- 5 The kids shall sooner seize the wolves, the calves
The lions sooner *seize*, the dolphins flee
The fishes, eagles sooner *flee* the doves,
And turned the state's dissension backward grow,
And many things shall happen sooner than
- 10 My shepherd's pipe of reed *shall* not *be* free.
I'll tell the hills and woods thy wicked deeds,
Lycurgus. Barren shall for thee become
The joys of Sicily, nor *shall* for thee
Our elders' happy lands productive *be*,
- 15 May hills no pasture, seeds no crops produce,
The orchards no fresh fruits, the vine no grapes,
The woods themselves no leaves, the hills no streams.
O Battarus, let us renew this song
Again and yet again. Delusive weeds
- 20 Do ye, O Ceres' furrows, treasure up,
And may the pallid meadows yellow grow
While thirsting with the heat, unripened may
The apples hanging from the branches fall,
May leaves be wanting to the woods and to
- 25 The fountains moisture, but may not the song
That curses him be wanting to my reed.
These blooming wreaths of flowers of Venus with
Their variegated pride which tint the plains
With purple colour *though* a weed (depart,
- 30 Ye breezes sweet, ye fragrant breaths) the fields
Shall change to baleful heats and poisons foul:
May nothing sweet to eyes or nose be borne.
'Tis thus I pray, and may this song prevail
With prayers of mine. O best of woods, much sung
- 35 In triflings and in little books of mine,
So dense with patches of a lovely sward,

- They¹ shall be shorn of verdant shades: nor shalt
 Thou joyful toss thy pliant leafy boughs
 To breezes blowing through, nor, Battarus,
 40 Shall it full oft return my song to me.
 When with his iron the soldier's impious hand
 Shall fell it, and the lovely shades do fall,
 In them more lovely is that very fall,
 The vainly happy logs of ancient lord.
 45 Devoted in my little books it shall
 The rather burn in fires from upper sky.
 O Jupiter (for Jupiter himself
 This wood has nourished) it behoveth thee
 That ashes may this wood be made. Then let
 50 The strength of Thracian Boreas² emit
 His mighty blasts, let Eurus³ drive a cloud
 With yellow darkness mixed, let Africus⁴
 O'erhang with heavy clouds that threaten rain,
With heavenly flames let lightning fire the wood.
 55 When, glittering in the dark blue sky, O wood,
 Thou'lt not again pronounce, as oft thou'st said,
 "Thy Lydia." Let the flames in order seize
 The neighbouring vines, the crops to them be fed,
 And let the fire in scattered sparks across
 60 The breezes fly and with the trees unite
 The ears of corn, *and let* the wicked pole
 Which measured out my little fields as far
 As *what were* once my boundaries *be burnt*,
 And everything to ashes be reduced.
 65 'Tis thus I pray and may this song prevail
 With prayers of mine. These invocations hear,

¹ *I.e.*, the patches of greensward.

² The north wind.

³ The south-east wind.

⁴ The south-west wind.

O waves, which with your waters beat the shores;
O shores, which breezes soft diffuse o'er lands;
And let the sea migrate upon the fields
70 And fill the plains with floods and sand compact,
As with his fires doth Vulcan, son of Jove,
Prevent both fields and forage; be it called
A foreign sister of the Libyan sand,
A second Syrtis.¹ Battarus, thou hast,
75 I bear in mind, this sadder song recalled.
They say that many fearful things do swim
I' th' gloomy sea, yea, monsters causing dread
By shapes unlooked-for oft when suddenly
Have bodies sunk within the raging main:
80 Let Neptune with his threat'ning trident drive
These hidden beasts, the inky tide o' th' sea
Reversing by the winds on every side,
And from the waves a sea-dog draw a corpse.
My lands may now be called a savage sea.
85 O sailor, thou must 'ware the lands on which
We've imprecated curses, wicked prayers.
If this we vainly pour into thine ears,
O Neptune, Battarus, do thou entrust
Our sorrows to the streams; for always kind
90 To thee the fountains are, to thee the streams.
There isn't aught which I may travel through
For further things ill-boding; all 's employed.
Ye running waters, wand'ring streams, return!
Return, and spread yourselves o'er plains opposed,
95 And let the brooks with fissure-making waves
On every side encroach, and let them not

¹ The Syrtes were immense sand banks off the coast of Libya in North Africa.

- Permit my lands to pass away from me
 To vagrant soldiers. Battarus, thou hast,
 I bear in mind, this sweeter song recalled.
- 100 When th' earth is quickly dried let marshes rise
 Therefrom, and here let reeds be mown where once
 We gathered thorns, and let the croaking frog
 Possess the chirping cricket's former holes.
 This sadder song again my pipe doth tell.
- 105 Let smoking showers from lofty mountains rush
 And widely hold the plains with flood diffused,
 And stagnant pools inimical, let these
 Behind them leave to threat their present lords,
 And drained from these the wave shall reach my fields.
- 110 Then let the foreign ploughman¹ fish within
 My bounds, a foreigner, who always doth
 Advance to wealth by crime political.
 O little plots of land, devoted ill
 By crime o' th' Fates and thou, O Discord, who
- 115 Art always foe of citizens of thine.²
 A needy exile I, though not condemned
 To that, have left my lands in order that
 A soldier deadly War's rewards may get.
 Hence from a hillock will I look my last
- 120 Upon my lands, and into th' woods I hence
 Will go. The hills will now my path oppose,³
 Oppose it will the mountains, but to seek
 The plains 'twill be allowed. "O happy name,

¹ Another reading is "foreign fisher."

² *I.e.*, discord in a state is the enemy of its citizens and the supporter of foreigners.

³ The hills would bar his path because they had passed into the hands of the man who supplanted him. See line 126.

Ye lands so sweet, and Lydia sweeter still,
 125 Ye fountains pure and closes, fare ye well.
 Descend the mountain slower, wretched goats,
 The tender pastures known so well ye may
 Not crop again. O father *of the herd*,
 Do thou remain." Both first and last to us
 130 *Were these*. I gaze upon the plains for long,
 A hostage ¹ for me there remains on them.
 Again, my lands, farewell, and fare thee well,
 My dearest Lydia, whether thou wilt live,
 Or if thou'lt not, wilt die with me, whiche'er.
 135 O Battarus, on th' reed let us renew
 Our final song.² For bitter things shall sweet
 And soft ones hard become, and eyes shall see
 The black as white and right hand as the left,
 The mishaps of the state shall it transfer
 140 To strange communities, ere shall the care
 Of thee depart from out my bones. Although
 Thou hot, although thou cold shalt be, I'll love
 Thee ever; for 'twill always be allowed
 For me to think upon thy joys and *mine*.

LYDIA

I envy you, ye fields and lovely meads,
 In this more lovely that my beauteous girl
 In you doth sigh in silence for my love.
 You now she sees, in you my Lydia plays,
 5 She now addressed you, at you she now
 Doth smile with darling eyes and hums my songs

¹ His girl Lydia.

² He closes in the same style as he opens the piece. Compare the opening.

- With voice subdued, and in the meantime sings
 What she to me in secret used to sing.
 I envy you, ye fields, ye'll learn to love.
- 10 O fields too fortunate and happy oft,
 In which she prints the marks of snowy feet,
 Or plucks with rosy fingers grapes yet green
 (For yet they do not swell with pleasant juice),
 Or 'mid the variegated flowers, the dyes
- 15 Of Venus, lays her limbs along and doth
 The tender herbage crush, and parted there
 My amours old shall stealthily recount.
 The woods shall joy, the meadows soft and founts
 So cool shall joy, and stillness shall be made
- 20 A solitude; the gliding streams shall pause,
 Remain, ye waters! while my care expounds
 Its fond complaints. I envy you, O fields;
 My joys do ye possess, and now in you
 Is she who was aforetime my delight,
- 25 But ill my dying members waste with grief,
 And warmth departs by chill of death replaced,
 Because my mistress isn't here with me.
 There wasn't any girl upon the earth
 More learned or more beautiful, and if
- 30 The story isn't false, my girl alone
 (But, Jupiter, I pray thee hearken not)
 Is worthy Jupiter as bull or gold.¹
 O happy bull, the sire and ornament
 O' th' mighty herd, a cow doth never, lairs
- 35 Apart from thee desiring, suffer thee

¹ He refers to Jupiter seducing Europa after taking the form of a bull, and Danaë as a shower of gold. The *tauro vel auro* of the Latin might be translated "bull or bullion."

- To low in vain thy sorrow to the woods.
 O blest and always happy sire of kids:
 For whether rugged mountains thou dost seek,
 O'er boulders roaming, or it pleaseth thee
 40 To scorn the forage fresh in woods or on
 The plains, with thee thy happy she-goat is.
 And to whatever place a male *has gone*
 His female has been joined with him, and he
 Has ne'er lamented interrupted loves.
- 45 Why, Nature, hast thou not been kind to me?
 Why suffer I so oft a cruel grief?
 When o'er the verdant world the pallid stars
 Return and running in the place, O moon,
 Of Phoebus and his golden orb, thou hast
 50 Thy love¹ with thee, why isn't mine with me?
 O moon, thou knowest what affliction is,
 So pity one in trouble. Wearing it
 Upon thyself, the laurel² has declared
 Thy love, O Phoebus. Everything ye are,
 55 *O gods*, if not in woods, and Fame these things
 Has told *of you*: a series of the gods
 Doth bear *the emblems of* their joys with them,³
 Or sees them scattered in the universe;
 A lengthy task it were to tell of these.
- 60 Nay, even when the Golden Age *its years*
 Was rolling on, an equal state of things
 Existed for the mortals living then,

¹ *I.e.*, Endymion, whom she was fabled to visit on Mount Latmos.

² When Apollo pursued Daphne to offer violence to her, she was changed into a laurel tree to escape him. See Ovid's "Metamorphoses," i, 452.

³ Such as Pan, the Syrinx or Pan's pipe.

- I also pass this *age and heroes* by.
Through Ariadne's noted group of stars ¹
- 65 *We know how* every maiden followed then
 Her man, as though she were a captive maid.
 O dwellers in the sky, how could our age
 Have injured you whereby there should to us
Be meted out a harder state of things?
- 70 Was I the first who dared to violate
 The spotless modesty and tamper with
 The hallowed fillet ² of his girl, that I
 Am forced by my untimely death to pay
 The Fates? And O that of that deed my fault
- 75 Might be the first instructress: death would then
 Be sweeter far than life to me. My fame
 Would not be bounded, not by any time.
 When I might say *that I had* stolen first
 The pleasant joys of Venus, and from me
- 80 Had sprung the pleasure sweet. But wicked prayers
 That our delinquency might be the start
 Of secret love have not so much to me
 Conceded. 'Ere unceasingly he false
 Presentments of himself became, the joys
- 85 Did Jupiter with Juno taste, and stole
 Delicious love ere either of them had
 Been called a spouse. *The stolen joys* ³

¹ Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, eloped with Theseus from Crete and was abandoned by him on the island of Naxos. Here she fell into the hands of Bacchus, who afterwards raised her to the stars.

² The *vitta* or fillet was a ribbon, usually white or purple, which was worn, though in different styles, by both maidens and married women of free birth. As freedwomen and courtesans were not allowed to wear it, it was looked upon as an emblem of modesty.

³ There is a manifest gap here in the text. I have supplied some-

*Of secret love has Venus tasted, too,
With Adon hunting in secluded spots,*

- 90 And with her male she then in tender grass
Rejoiced to crush the purple flowers on which
She lay; the goddess placing joys immense
Beneath his handsome neck. I think that Mars
Had then been kept apart *from her* in arms,
95 For Vulcan certainly was doing work
For him, and this was making foul with soot
Both cheeks and beard for that unhappy *god*.
Has not Aurora too successive loves ¹
Bewailed, and blushing, with her rosy cloak
100 Concealed her eyes? Such things the gods *have done*:
And can I say the Golden *Age did* less?
What therefore god and hero *did*, why not
A later age? Unhappy I, who then
When Nature was so easy wasn't born.
105 O my unlucky lot in being born
In such an age as this and wretched race
Of men for whom desire is all too late!
My life! ² so great a pillage have they made
Of heart of mine that what I now remain
110 You with your eyes would scarcely recognize.

thing to fill it which may resemble what is lost, but the gap is probably a much longer one.

¹ Orion, who was killed by Diana; Tithonus, who was made immortal at her request, but for whom she forgot to obtain eternal youth; Cephalus, whom she surrendered again to his wife, Procris.

² *I.e.*, my Lydia.

THE SALAD

THE Latin "moretum," which is usually translated salad, would be better called "cheese and garlic paste." It seems to have been a somewhat attractive subject to ancient poets. A poem with this title was written by one "Sveius," and a few lines of it are quoted by Macrobius (iii, 18). Parthenius, who was Vergil's instructor in Greek (Macrobius, "Saturnalia," v, 17), wrote on this subject, and in the Ambrosian MS. of Vergil there is a marginal note saying that Vergil's poem was an imitation or translation of that of his teacher.

Various late grammarians mention lines 41 and 42 as from a poem by Vergil, and Mico Levita (825-853 A.D.), who wrote a work on Latin prosody, quotes line 48 as from a work of Vergil.

ALREADY had the night completed ten
Of winter's hours, and by his crowing had
The wingéd sentinel announced the day,
When Symilus the rustic husbandman
5 Of scanty farm, solicitous about
The coming day's unpleasant emptiness,
Doth slowly raise the limbs extended on
His pallet low, and doth with anxious hand
Explore the stilly darkness, groping for
10 The hearth which, being burnt, at length he finds.
I' th' burnt-out log a little wood remained,
And ashes hid the glow of embers which

They covered o'er; with lowered face to these
The tilted lamp he places close, and with
15 A pin the wick in want of moisture out
Doth draw, the feeble flame he rouses up
With frequent puffs of breath. At length, although
With difficulty, having got a light,
He draws away, and shields his light from draughts
20 With partially encircling hand, and with
A key ¹ the doors he opens of the part
Shut *off to store his grain*, which he surveys.
On th' earth a scanty heap of corn was spread:
From this he for himself doth take as much
25 As did his measure need to fill it up,
Which ran to close on twice eight pounds in weight.
He goes away from here and posts himself
Besides his quern,² and on a little shelf
Which fixed to it for other uses did
30 The wall support, he puts his faithful light.
Then from his garment both his arms he frees;
Begirt was he with skin of hairy goat
And with the tail thereof he thoroughly
Doth brush the stones and hopper of the mill.

¹ Their keys were very simple, often merely a piece of bent iron.

² The hand-mill or quern consisted of two circular stones, fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. The upper surface of the lower, and the lower surface of the upper stone were both flat and were in opposition, the lower stone being fixed, and the upper turning about on it. In the upper stone there was a central funnel-shaped aperture or hopper (*gremium*) by which the grain was introduced, and near one side a handle stood up, by which it was turned round and round on the lower stone. The grain was ground as it travelled from the centre to the circumference where it fell out on to the table on which the mill stood. There are many fine examples in the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland in Edinburgh.

- 35 His hands he then doth summon to the work
And shares it out to each, to serving was
The left directed and the right to th' toil.
This turns about in tireless circles and
The surface round in rapid motion puts,
40 And from the rapid thrusting of the stones
The pounded grain is running down. At times
The left relieves its wearied fellow hand,
And interchanges with it turn about.
Thereafter country ditties doth he sing
45 And solaces his toil with rustic speech,
And meanwhile calls on Scybale *to rise*.
His solitary housekeeper was she,
Her nationality was African,
And all her figure proves her native land.
50 Her hair was curly, thick her lips, and dark
Her colour, wide was she across the chest
With hanging breasts, her belly more compressed,
With slender legs and large and spreading foot,
And chaps in lengthy fissures numbed her heels.
55 He summons her and bids her lay upon
The hearth some logs wherewith to feed the fire,
And boil some chilly water on the flame.
As soon as toil of turning has fulfilled
Its normal end, he with his hand transfers
60 The copious meal from there into a sieve,
And shakes it. On the grid the refuse stays,
The real corn refined doth sink and by
The holes is filtered. Then immediately
He piles it on a board that's smooth, and pours
65 Upon it tepid water, now he brought
Together flour and fluid intermixed,

With hardened hand he turns it o'er *and o'er*
And having worked the liquid in, the heap
He in the meantime strews with salt, and now
70 His kneaded work he lifts, and flattens it
With palms of hand to rounded cake, and it
With squares at equal distance pressed doth mark.
From there he takes it to the hearth (ere this
His Scybale had cleaned a fitting place),
75 And covers it with tiles and heaps the fire
Above. And while Vulcanus,¹ Vesta too,¹
Perform their parts i' th' meantime, Symilus
Is not inactive in the vacant hour,
But other occupation finds himself ;
80 And lest the corn alone may not be found
Acceptable to th' palate he prepares
Some food which he may add to it. For him
No frame for smoking meat was hung above
The hearth, and backs and sides of bacon cured
85 With salt were lacking, but a cheese transfixed
By rope of broom through mid-circumference
Was hanging there, an ancient bundle, too,
Of dill together tied. So provident
Our hero makes himself some other wealth.
90 A garden to the cabin was attached,
Some scanty osiers with the slender rush
And reed perennial defended this ;²
A scanty space *it was*, but fertile in

¹ Vulcan was the god of fire, and Vesta goddess of the hearth.

² It is supposed to be surrounded by a ditch, in which these grew. These reeds were put to many uses by the Romans. Cheese moulds were woven of them to drain the whey (see *Copa*, line 22), shoes for bullocks were woven of them, and mats; they were also used for thatching. See Varro, "De re rustica," i, 23.

The divers kinds of herbs, and nought to him
 95 Was wanting that a poor man's use requires;
 Sometimes the well-to-do from him so poor
 Requested many things. Nor was that work
 A model of expense, but one of care:
 If ever either rain or festal day
 100 Detained him unemployed within his hut,
 If toil of plough by any chance was stopped,
 There *always* was that work of garden plot.
 He knew the way to place the various plants,
 And out of sight i' th' earth to set the seeds,
 105 And how with fitting care to regulate
 The neighbouring streams. And here was cabbage, here
 Were beets, their foliage extending wide;
 And frui ful sorrel, elecampane too
 And mallows here were flourishing, and here
 110 Was parsnip,¹ leeks indebted to their head
 For name,² and here as well the poppy cool
 And hurtful to the head, and lettuce³ too,
 The pleasing rest at end of noble foods.
 [And there the radish sweet doth thrust its points
 115 Well into th' earth] and there the heavy gourd
 Has sunk to earth upon its belly wide.
 But this was not the owner's crop (for who
 Than he more straightened *is*?). The people's 'twas

¹ Another reading is "chick-pea," a pea with puffy pods containing one or two seeds.

² There were two kinds of leek, *porrum sectivum* or chives (see line 124) and *porrum capitatum*, which gets its name from *caput*, head, and which is meant here.

³ Compare Martial, 13, 14. He also says (11, 52) that it was considered useful for opening the bowels. Celsus says the same, ii, 29.

And on the stated days a bundle did
120 He on his shoulder into th' city bear,
When home he used to come with shoulder light
But pocket heavy, scarcely ever did
He with him bring the city markets' meat.
The ruddy onion, and a bed of leek
125 For cutting, hunger doth for him subdue,
And cress which screws one's face with acrid bite,
And endive, and the colewort which recalls
The lagging wish for sexual delights.
On something of the kind reflecting had
130 He then the garden entered, first when there
With fingers having lightly dug the earth
Away, he garlic roots with fibres thick,
And four of them doth pull; he after that
Desires the parsley's graceful foliage,
135 And stiffness-causing rue,¹ and, trembling on
Their slender thread, the coriander seeds,
And when he has collected these *he comes*
And sits him down beside the cheerful fire
And loudly for the mortar asks his wench.
140 Then singly each o' th' *garlic* heads he strips
From knotty body, and of outer coats
Deprives them, these rejected doth he throw
Away and strews at random on the ground.
The bulb preserved from th' plant in water doth
145 He rinse, and throw it into th' hollow stone.
On these he sprinkles grains of salt, and cheese
Is added, hard from taking up the salt.
Th' aforesaid herbs he now doth introduce
And with his left hand 'neath his hairy groin

¹ Pliny, however, says it is anaphrodisiac.

- 150 Supports his garment;¹ with his right he first
 The reeking garlic with the pestle breaks,
 Then everything he equally doth rub
 I' th' mingled juice. His hand in circles move:
 Till by degrees they one by one do lose
 155 Their proper powers, and out of many comes
 A single colour, not entirely green
 Because the milky fragments² this forbid,
 Nor showing white as from the milk because
 That colour's altered by so many herbs.
 160 The vapour keen doth oft assail the man's
 Uncovered nostrils, and with face and nose
 Retracted doth he curse his early meal;
 With back of hand his weeping eyes he oft
 Doth wipe, and raging, heaps revilings on
 165 The undeserving smoke.³ The work advanced:
 No longer full of joltings as before,
 But steadily the pestle circles smooth
 Described. Some drops of olive oil he now
 Instils, and pours upon its strength besides
 170 *A little* of his scanty vinegar,
 And mixes once again his handiwork,
 And mixed withdraws it: then with fingers twain
 Round all the mortar doth he go at last
 And into one *coherent* ball doth bring
 175 The diff'rent portions, that it may the name

¹ On which the mortar was resting. Karsten suggests, I think with great probability, *testam*, mortar, which was made of baked clay, instead of *vestem*, garment.

² *I.e.*, the fragments of cheese.

³ As there were no chimneys the huts would be full of smoke, but the peasants did not object much to this as it kept out the mosquitoes.

And likeness of a finished salad fit.
And Scybale i' th' meantime busy too
Has lifted out the bread; which, having wiped
His hands, he takes, and having now dispelled
180 The fear of hunger, for the day secure,
With pair of leggings Symilus his legs
Encases, and with cap of skin on 's head
Beneath the thong-encircled yoke he puts
Th' obedient bullocks, and upon the fields
185 He drives, and puts the ploughshare in the ground.

THE FEMALE TAVERN KEEPER

THIS piece is an invitation by a woman who keeps an inn and pleasure grounds to come in and eat and drink and spend the day merrily. Though not mentioned in the list of Vergil's minor works given by Donatus in his life, it is included in the list given by Servius; the MSS. ascribe it to Vergil and it is quoted as his by Charisius and Priscian, and Mico Levita (A.D. 825-853), the author of a Latin prosody, quotes line 17 as by Vergil.

Such places of entertainment were common in the neighbourhood of Rome. Suetonius (Nero, 27) says: "As often as he dropped down the river to Ostia or sailed past the bay of Baiae, the inns set here and there along the banks and shores were got ready, *and were* notable from their eating-house brothel and the what-we-can-supply-you-with-cry of matrons imitating female tavern keepers, and from different directions inviting him to put in to them."

THE hostess, Syrian woman she, her head
With Grecian head-band bound and skilled to move
Her pliant waist beneath the castanet,
Is dancing lewd and drunken in her inn
5 Ill-famed, at elbow shaking creaking reeds.
"How doth it please a wearied man to be
Away in summer dust in preference
To lying here upon my drinking couch?
For here are gardens, cells, and drinking cups,

- 10 With roses, flutes, guitars, and arbour cool
 With shady thatch. And see! beneath a grot
 Arcadian is a girl who sweetly chats;
 In shepherd's mouth a rustic pipe doth sound.
 And flattish wine there is, but lately poured
 15 From pitch-cemented cask, and, rustling by,
 A stream of water runs with murmur hoarse.
 And violets as well there are and wreaths
 Of golden flowers, and purple garlands twined
 With yellow rose, and lilies gathered from
 20 Her virgin river which the daughter of
 A river god in wicker baskets brought.
 And cheeses small there are, which baskets made
 Of rushes dry.¹ And waxen are the plums
 From autumn days. And chestnuts, nuts as well,
 25 And apples blushing sweetly; Ceres² here
 Is dainty, so is Bacchus, so is Love.
 And ruddy mulberries there are, and grapes
 In heavy bunches, from its stalk as well
 The greenish cucumber doth hang. The hut
 30 Has got a guardian³ armed with willow scythe,
 With monstrous groin, but terrible he's not.
 Then come thou hither, frequenter of cells,
 Thy wearied little ass is sweating now,
 So spare him, for the ass is Vesta's pet.⁴
 35 With frequent song the crickets now do burst
 The trees, and now in varied cool retreat

¹ Tibullus (ii, 3, 15) says: "Then the light rush basket was woven by his hand and a narrow way is made between the meshes for the whey."

² Ceres is put for eatables, Bacchus for wine, Love for the girls.

³ *I.e.*, a Priapus.

⁴ See the story in Ovid, "Fasti," vi, 319-349.

- The lizard lieth hid: if thou art wise,
 Reclining swill from summer glasses now,
 Or if thou art disposed to lift *them*, *drain*
- 40 Successive cups of crystal. Hither come,
 Thou wearied man, and rest beneath the shade of vine,
 Thy heavy head with rosy garland twine,
 A tender damsel's lovely *body* with
 Her face enjoying. Let him perish, him
- 45 To whom doth ancient prudishness belong!
 Why sweetly smelling chaplets dost thou keep
 For thankless clay?¹ Or dost thou wish those *bones*
 To be o'erlaid by wreathéd stone? Then set
 The wine and dice, and let him perish who
- 50 Doth care about to-morrow. Death your ear
 Demands and says, 'I come, *so live to-day.*'"

¹ *I.e.*, Why keep chaplets to put on your grave, for which the lifeless clay therein will not be thankful? or do you debar yourself of the delights of life to attain fame and have a laurel-wreathed monument over your bones?

POEMS RELATING TO PRIAPUS

THESE pieces are numbered respectively 84, 85, and 86 in Buechler's edition of the "Priapeia."

A

WITH roses I am sought in spring,
In summer ears of corn they bring,
In autumn fruits, in winter I
A horrid plague alone descry.
5 For cold I fear, and am afraid
Lest I, a god of timber made,
Should here myself a fire provide
For rustics dense *to sit beside*.

B

'Tis I, O traveller, this poplar dry.
Lo! I, with rustic art constructed, I
Do guard this little field which thou dost see
Upon the left and right in front of thee,
5 The cottage and the little garden, too,
Of owner poor do I retain in view,
And keep his apples from the hand of thief.
On me in spring is placed with flower and leaf
A garland gay, on me in summer heat
10 The ruddy corn, on me *in autumn* sweet
And clustered grapes with tendrils green o' th' vine,
On me in frost the ripened olives shine.

- From pastures mine the dainty she-goat bears
 An udder swelled with milk to city squares,
 15 From folds of mine the fatted lamb *they vend*,
 A hand with money heavy home doth send,
 The tender calf from lowing mother ta'en
 Doth shed its blood before the temples slain.
 So, traveller, this god thou shalt revere,
 20 And shalt retain that hand apart from here.
 And this doth profit thee, for see! prepared
 Doth stand a p . . . , a post *impaling bared*—
 “By Pollux, I would like it,” dost thou say?
 By Pollux, see! the bailiff comes this way,
 25 For whom from socket plucked by arm that's grand
 That p . . . 's a club convenient to his hand.

C

- O YOUTHS, although an arid oak that's cut
 To shape by rustic axe, this place and hut
 I' th' marshes, thatched with reed and osier o'er
 And reeds in handfuls, I sustain, that more
 5 And more successful year by year *it grow*.
 For me the owners of this cabin low,
 A father and his youthful son, admire
 And pay me homage as a god; the sire
 Bestowing care with ceaseless diligence
 10 That weeds or bramble rough be taken hence
 From shrine of mine, the youngster bearing grand
 Donations ever in his little hand.
 On me in flowering spring a garland gay
 Is placed, to me *is brought* the tender spray
 15 When first it's green, the ear that's soft as yet,
 The milky poppy, yellow violet,

And apples smelling sweet, and gourds that strayed,
And blushing grapes produced 'neath leafy shade.
The bearded he-goat, horny-footed she,
20 These weapons¹ even stain with blood for me
(But ye'll be silent that they serve me thus).
For which acknowledgements this Priapus
Must needs become responsible
For everything, and guard his owner's vineyard well
25 And garden small. So therefore, boys, from here
Abstain from wicked thefts. Our neighbour near
Is rich, and careless is² his Priapus.
So take *the fruits* from him *instead of us* ;
This very path will take you to the place.

¹ *I.e.*, the weapons always associated with him in particular, the pruning hook or scythe and enormous member, compare "Copa," line 30. The request to be silent about sacrifices having been offered to him is taken to imply that the greater gods might resent it if they knew.

² Heinsius suggests "careless of his Priapus."

THE CATALEPTON

THIS is a collection of epigrams, many of which have unfortunately lost their point, so far as we are concerned, from our ignorance of the persons and circumstances which called them forth. Some of them, however, have light thrown upon them from the various ancient lives of Vergil, which see. We have the evidence of Ausonius (see notes on II) that some of them were obscure even in his day (fourth century).

I

VERGIL'S friend Tucca has a mistress who is a married woman. As Vergil cannot approach her himself on account of this, though he would like to do so, he is annoyed, and doesn't want to hear about the continued good relations between Tucca and her.

O TUCCA, Delia often comes to thee,
But her 'tis not permitted me to see.
She 's hidden by her husband's fastened door.
To thee doth Delia often come, and more
She doesn't come to me; for if concealed
She 's kept, what can't be touched is far afield.
I've heard she's come to thee. But now to me
What benefit can that announcement be?
So tell it him to whom she has returned.

II

QUINTILIAN (viii, 3) quotes this epigram and says that "it was made by Vergil on T. Annaeus Cimber. This Cimber was the one by whom his brother was murdered, as is signified in this saying of Cicero, *Germanum Cimber occidit*," "Cimber slew a German," or "his brother," as *Germanum* could mean either German or brother. There is a similar play on the word *Germanum* in Velleius Paterculus, ii, 67. Ausonius, in his "Grammaticomastix" (*i.e.*, "Scourge of Grammarians"), lines 5-8, also refers to this epigram thus, "Say, what do the Catalepta of Maro mean? In these he has put the *al* of the Celts; *tau* follows not more clearly; is *sil* the expression of a foreign or Latin word? and what was the death-dealing *min* mixed evilly for his brother?"

So that the meaning of the epigram had become obscure even in the fourth century.

THAT lover of Corinthian words *or obsolete*,
 That—well, that spouter, Thucydides all complete,
 A tyrant *Greek*, an Attic fever *sure is he*;
 That full of ill for him may each ingredient be,
 Upon the Gallic tau and min and spin *he fixed*,
 And all the things those name he for his brother mixed.

III

THIS epigram has been supposed to refer to Pompey the Great. Compare Lucan, "Pharsalia," viii, 701 *seq.*

BEHOLD a man relying on
 His powerful dominion,
 Whom glory has exalted *lone*
 And higher than a kingdom's throne.

With war the mighty world he shakes,
 And he the kings of Asia breaks
 And peoples, too; for thee was he,
 O Rome, a weighty toil for thee
 Supporting now (the rest 'tis clear
 Had fallen by the hero's spear)
 When suddenly amid the mell
 Of politics he headlong fell,
 And into exile from his land
 Was forced to go. So high and grand
 Indeed the goddess *Fortune's* power!
 At nod so great a treacherous hour
 Hath ruined human plans sublime
 In momentary space of time.

IV

THE Musa to whom this epigram was addressed was probably one of the youths of whom Donatus (in his life of Vergil) says Vergil was fond. There was a Musa who was physician to Augustus, and another, a rhetorician mentioned by Seneca, but the piece does not seem appropriate to either of these.

WHERE'ER the periodic to and fro
 Of life that's chequered calls for me to go,
 Whatever lands to touch, what men to see,
 O may I die if ever there shall be
 Another dearer than thyself to me.
 For who's the other could more charming be
 Than thou to whom, O Musa, while thou'rt young
 The gods and sisters of the gods have flung,
 And not to one unworthy, that entire
 That's good before all other men, entire

The things in which Apollo's self and choir
 Rejoices? Who, O Musa, can have been
 More skilled than thou? O who, in nations e'en,
 More pleasantly than thou alone doth speak?
 For Clío¹ fair so sweetly doesn't speak.
 On which account it is enough if thou
 Thyself to be beloved dost *still* allow,
 But in return that mutual may be
 Our love, whence *sprang the love thou'st shown* to me?

V

IN this epigram Vergil says good-bye to the rhetoricians and grammarians under whom he has been studying, as he is leaving their schools to get instruction in the Epicurean philosophy from Syro at Rome. Syro was a celebrated man in those days and a friend of Cicero's. He says good-bye to the Muses as well, but only half-heartedly.

YE empty² tubs of rhetoricians, off with you,
 You're merely words³ inflated not with Attic dew;
 Ye Seliuses,⁴ Tarquitiuses,⁵ and Varro, too,
 A tribe of scholars filled with *lore that's dull, if true*,
 O empty cymbal⁶ of our youth, be off with you!

¹ Clío was the Muse of history.

² Compare our proverb, "empty vessels make most sound."

³ Compare the idea of the inflated skins in the "Golden Ass of Apuleius." *Verba* might be translated, "masses of verbiage."

⁴ There are three Seli mentioned by Cicero.

⁵ One Tarquitiis is mentioned by Cicero.

⁶ In his preface to his "Natural History," Pliny says, "Apion the grammarian, he whom Tiberius Caesar used to call the cymbal of the world." Or, as we should say, a person who filled the world with claptrap—mere empty sound that fills everything for nothing and with nothing.

And thou, O Sextus,¹ foremost in my thoughts, good-bye.
 Sabinus, *too*; now, handsome youths, to you good-bye.
 For we to happy havens spread our sails *and fly*,
 And seeking noble Syro's learned words have we
 From every care our life *henceforward* rendered free.
 O Muses, off with you, begone with all the rest!
 Ye charming Muses, for the truth shall be confessed
 Ye charming were, and modestly and rarely still
 Ye must revisit papers that I then shall fill.

VI

THIS epigram must be read in conjunction with Epigram XII, but nothing beyond what they state is known either of Noctuinus or Atilius and his daughters.

O SIRE-IN-LAW, *who happily the part dost play*
 Nor for thyself nor for the other *anyway*,
 O son-in-law, the addle-pated Noctuine,
 Oppressed by that insensibility of thine
 And thy *offence*, so excellent a girl will go
 Away to th' country, and to me *it seems to show*
 That you in every item doth that line recall,
 "O son-in-law and sire-in-law, you've ruined all."²

VII

VARUS was one of Vergil's intimate friends (see "Life of Vergil" in front, line 94, and Donatus, "Vit. Verg." xiv). In this epigram yields to duress and illustrates the feeling of Galileo, who, having been forced to make a public re-

¹ Sextus and Sabinus were probably boy favourites whom he left behind.

² A line quoted from Catullus, 29, 24.

cantation of his statement that the earth was round, added under his breath, "but it 's round for all that."

My dearest Varus, this I may
 Without deception clearly say,
 I'm hanged if 'tis untruly put,
 That lad has ruined me.
 Howe'er, if thy commands forbid
 Me speaking out of what he did,
 Of course, I won't declare it, but—
 That boy has ruined me.

VIII

VERGIL and his father having been evicted from their home and lands (see "Life," line 120), his old teacher, Syro (see "Life" and Epigram V) placed his country house at their disposal as a place of refuge, and Vergil apostrophises it in these lines:

O LITTLE country house and scanty fields
 Which wast our Syro's, *thee to us he yields*,
 But yet that owner's wealth thou didst compose.
 To thee do I commend myself and those
 Whom I have always loved along with me,
 Among the first my father; if it be
 That aught more sad I hear about our home—
 Thou now wilt be to him what Mantua
 And what Cremona, too, aforetime were.

IX

THIS piece is a panegyric on Messalla Corvinus, who was born about 70 B.C. and died about A.D. 1. He fought against Octavianus first with Cassius and Brutus, and afterwards

with Antony. When, however, he saw that the latter's cause was doomed, on account of his infatuation for Cleopatra, he went over to Octavianus and fought on his side at the battle of Actium. He obtained a triumph (28 B.C.) for the reduction of Aquitaine. About the same time he held a prefecture in Asia Minor. He was a literary man and orator as well as a soldier, and wrote Bucolic verse and verses on his mistress (his "heroine," as Vergil calls her), which, from the way Pliny mentions them (Epist. 5, 3), were probably of a wanton character. He also wrote grammatical treatises, but the tract "De Progenie Augusti," now extant, and published in old editions of Eutropius, etc., is not considered his production, but that of a later age. He was intimate with Tibullus and friendly with Horace, and Vergil's (if it be Vergil's) "Ciris" is dedicated to him. Some of his witty sayings are preserved in Seneca's "Suasoria." The panegyric on Messalla to be found in the works of Tibullus may be compared with this one:

A FEW *ideas*, learned Muses, give
 To me, a few *ideas give* to me,
 And ones to snowy Phoebus not unknown.
 As victor he's at hand, the splendour great
 5 Of mighty triumph *won by him* behold!
 A victor he as far as lands and far
 As seas lie open, bearing tokens rude
 Of fights barbaric, great Oenides¹ thus,
 And thus the haughty Eryx² *did appear*.

¹ Oenides might mean either Meleager, son of Oeneus, or Diomedes.

² Eryx was a petty king in Sicily, the son of Venus and Butes. He was of great strength and excelled in the use of the cestus. Having stolen a bull from Hercules and refused to restore it, he was killed by the latter in fight. See "Aeneid," 5, 402.

- 10 Nor therefore give ye utt'rance to your songs
The less *since he's a poet*, very great
And worthy to engage in sacred choirs.
And so on this account I'm thrown the more
On unaccustomed cares, O best of men,
15 Regarding what I either to thee or
About thee may be able to indite.
For what (for I'll confess it) ought to be
The greatest cause of hindering me has been
The greatest cause of urging me along.
20 *That is*, thy poems *though they be but few*
Within the range of my description come.
They're lays endowed with eloquence as well
As Attic wit, *they're* poems which received
By future ages value *will retain*,
25 *They're* poems which are worthy to surpass
The aged man of Pylos¹ in their years.
In them beneath the verdant canopy
Of spreading oak agreeably *at ease*
The shepherds Moeris, Meliboeus, were,
30 To one another throwing off in verse
Alternate poems sweet of such a kind
As th' learned youth of Sicily² doth love.
Thy heroine in rivalry were all
The gods, in rivalry the goddesses
35 As well, adorning with their special gift.
O girl, above all others fortunate
In having thee as writer *of her charms!*

¹ Nestor, king of Pylos. In the panegyric on Messala in Tibullus (iv, 1, 112) he is said to have lived three ages. According to Horace ("Odes," ii, 9, 13) he outlived three generations.

² Theocritus, who wrote pastoral poetry (in Greek).

- For Fame has not related that there was
 Another girl more excellent than she ;
 40 Not her,¹ who had she not been taken by
 The gift of the Hesperides, the swift
 Hippomenes had vanquished in the course ;
 Not *Helen* out of egg of swan produced,
 The lovely daughter of Tyndarus she ;
 45 Not Cassiopeia,² *the braggart fair*,
 Resplendent shining in the sky above ;
 Not her³ defended long and oft by th' race
 Of horses, *prize was she* which hands that then
 Were filled *with reins* each wanted for itself,
 50 On whose behalf her impious father oft
 The *would-be* son-in-law deprived of life,
 Oft ran the verdant earth with ruddy blood ;
 Not her of of royal house, Semele,⁴ not
 Th' Inachian daughter of Acrisius,⁵
 55 *The damsels twain who* hope for Jove to come⁶
 In lightning flashes fierce and in the shower ;
 Not her⁷ by reason of whose rape expelled
 The Tarquins, son and father, left behind
 Their native hearth-gods, he⁸ dominion bore
 60 At that *eventful* time when Rome did first
 Replace the haughty *kings* by consuls mild.

¹ Atalanta. For the story of Atalanta, see Ovid, "Metamorphoses," x, 560, etc.

² For Cassiopeia, see Hyginus, "Poet. Astronomicum," ii, 10.

³ Hippodamia. He represents her as riding in the suitor's chariot in the race, of course to distract him, since his hands wanted to be round her instead of handling the reins.

⁴ Semele was daughter of Cadmus, king of Thebes. ⁵ Danaï.

⁶ Scaliger suggests "who Jove experienced." ⁷ Lucretia.

⁸ The elder Tarquin was the last king of Rome.

Nor numerous rewards did she present
 To undeserving stepsons¹, *given were*
 Her greatest recompenses to *her sons*,
 65 Messallas and Publicolas. For why
 Should I the applications of thy toil
 Immense commemorate? or why *record*
 The dreadful periods of service hard
 When in the field? *For thou wast* wont to set
 70 The camp before the Forum, *nay*, the camp
 Before the City (*place* so far away
 From thee, its son, and thou so far away
 From this thy native land), to suffer now
 Excessive cold and now *excessive* heat,
 75 To have ability to lie on e'en
 The hardest rock, and often gliding o'er
 The savage sea with stars adverse *for ships*,
 By daring it to conquer oft the sea
 And oft the winter storm, and oftentimes
 80 To throw thy body on a press of foes
 Regardless of the common god of war ;²
 To punish now the speedy Africans,
 And thousands *are there* of the race, and now
 To go to th' golden streams of Tagus swift ;
 85 At other times, for warring down, to seek
 For nation after nation, and to prove
 The victor further than the Ocean's bounds.
 'Tis not, 'tis not, I say, for us to reach
 Such great deserts, nay, this I'll even dare
 90 To say, 'tis hardly possible for man.

¹ Naturalized aliens were regarded as stepsons of Rome.

² The god of war is called common because he was worshipped by both armies and might favour either.

These very deeds throughout the world themselves
 As monuments of thy achievements raise,
 And for themselves uncommon splendour do
 These very deeds procure. If, humble, I
 95 Can hear those poems which the deities,
 Apollo and the Muses, Bacchus and
 Aglaia,¹ have along with thee composed,
 Can breathe their praise and can the Sirens² hear,
 If I can have in native song the wit
 100 Of Greece, already do I get beyond
 My very wishes. This is quite enough:
 With stupid people have I nought to do.

X

THIS piece is a parody of one by Catullus (iv), of which I here give a translation for convenience of comparison.

O STRANGERS, that felucca which you see
 Doth say it was the fastest of the ships,
 And didn't fail to go beyond the speed
 Of any craft afloat, e'en were the task
 5 To fly with oars or with the spreading sail,
 And this the threat'ning Adriatic's coast
 Or those Cyclades islands don't, it says,
 Deny, and noble Rhodes, Thracia rough,
 The Sea of Marmora or Euxine wild;
 10 Where that felucca as it afterwards

¹ Aglaia was one of the Graces.

² He infers that by hearing Messalla's poems read he will be hearing the Sirens sing. These extravagant encomiums were not uncommon. Suetonius quotes a poem on Cato Grammaticus in which he is called "the Latin Siren."

Became, aforetime was a bushy wood,
For on the Boxwood Range with whispering leaves
It oft would cause a sound. To Amastris
O' th' Euxine, Cytorus that's clad with box,
15 Th' felucca says these things both were and are
Particularly known, and says that at
Its earliest origin it stood upon
Thy heights and in thy waters dipped its oars,
And through so many raging seas from there
20 It bore its lord, and whether on the left
Or on the right the breeze was wont to pipe,
Or both together Jove propitious pressed.
Nor had it for itself to coastwise gods
An offering made, when from its final trip
25 It came at length to this pellucid pond.
But these are what have been in former times :
Amid secluded ease it now doth age
And dedicates itself to thee, the twin
That's Castor, and to Castor's brother twin.

The parody was made by Vergil on a man named Ventidius Bassus, who rose from being a captive to holding the nominally highest position in the state. I cannot do better than translate here the account which Gellius (xv, 4) gives of this man. "*They say* about Ventidius Bassus that he was born at Picenum in a humble station, and that his mother was made a captive along with him in the Social War by Pompeius Strabo, the father of Pompey the Great, when he subdued the people of Asculum; that on Pompeius Strabo having a triumph soon after, he also was carried as a child on the bosom of his mother among the other captives before the general's chariot; that afterwards,

when he had grown up, he cast about for a living for himself and found one with difficulty and in a mean way by providing mules and vehicles; these, which had to be furnished at the public cost for magistrates who had been allotted provinces, he contracted for. In that occupation he began to be known to C. Caesar and set out with him into Gaul; then, because he had made the most of his opportunities in that province, and had accomplished the things committed to him in the Civil War for the most part actively and zealously, he not only attained to the friendship of Caesar, but from that to the highest rank; soon after he was also created Tribune of the Plebs and thereafter Praetor, and at that time was, along with Mark Antony, declared an enemy by the Senate; but afterwards, the parties having coalesced, he not only recovered his former dignity, but also obtained the Pontificate, and next the Consulship; and the Roman populace, who recollected that Ventidius Bassus had got his living by looking after mules, endured this affair with such a bad grace that these few lines were commonly written on the walls throughout the streets of the City:

Ye augurs and soothsayers, all be collected,
 A portent uncommon is lately effected,
 A consul he's made who rubbed mules for a trade."

There have been many parodies of Catullus's poem since Vergil parodied it.

O STRANGERS, that Sabinus whom you see
 Doth say he was the fastest muleteer,
 And didn't fail to go beyond the speed
 Of any gig that flew, e'en were the task

- 5 To fly to Brixia or Mantua.
And this the emulating Tryphon's house
Or noble island¹ of Caerulus don't,
He says, deny, *nor th' situation rough*
Where that Sabinus, as he afterwards
10 Became, aforetime says its bushy neck
He sheared for Quinctius with the double shears,
Lest 'neath the boxwood collar pressing, hair
So hard might cause a wound. Cremona cold,
To thee, and thee, O Gaul, that's filled with mud,
15 Sabinus says these things both were and are
Particularly known, and says that at
His earliest origin he stood amid
Thy depths, and in thy marshes dropped his packs,
And through so many ruddy miles from there
20 He bore his yoke, and whether on the left
Or on the right the mule began to sink,
Or both together. . . .
Nor had he for himself to wayside gods
An offering made, except this final one,
25 His father's reins and newest curry-comb.
But these are what have been in former times:
Upon an ivory seat he now doth sit
And dedicates himself to thee, the twin
That's Castor, and to Castor's brother twin.²

¹ The word "island" was applied either to an island proper or a block of property surrounded completely by streets. It is used in the latter sense here.

² *I.e.*, Pollux. Castor and Pollux, the twin Dioscuri or sons of Zeus.

XI

IN one MS. and most editions the first line of this piece reads: "What god, Octavius, carried thee away?" Nothing is known, however, of any Octavius who died young, probably from excessive drinking, and wrote Roman history. It is better, therefore, to take it, with the majority of the MSS., as addressed to an unknown historian.

WHAT god desired and carried thee away
 From us? Or whether was it what they say,
 The stiffish cups thou tookst with too much wine?
 "I've drunk with you if fault it be *of mine*;
 5 The destiny that's his pursueth each;
 Why then of crime the guiltless cups impeach?"
 "Indeed, thy writings we shall much admire,
 And thee, thus early carried to the pyre
 And Roman history, bewail. But, oh
 10 Thou'lt no one be!" Ye gods perverse below,
 Declare what was the grudge *that did prevent*
 Him living till his father's life was spent?

XII

COMPARE this piece with VI. This epigram is probably antecedent to that in point of time. Vollmer and others think that Noctuinus is the person whose name is given as Lucius or Lucienus in the next piece.

O HAUGHTY Noctuine, O addle pate,
 The girl is given, she thou seekest as mate
 To thee is given; O haughty Noctuine,
 The girl thou seekest is given *and now is thine*;
 But seest thou not, O haughty Noctuine,

That daughters twain Atilius hath to be,
 The twain, both this and that, bestowed on thee?
 Now, come, ye *people*, come ye, see!
 As is becoming haughty Nocturne
 Doth lead¹—the jug *to which he doth incline*,
 Thalassio, Thalassio, Thalassio.²

XIII

THE concubine of a man who formerly had some position and wealth, but who has squandered his own and his brother's share of their inheritance, upbraids him for throwing her over, and tells the world how he got his living by prostituting himself and everyone belonging to him. Now, says she, he won't want to take her to the Cotyttia or to the ships in the river which he visits for improper purposes, or lead her to the slaves in the kitchens of the rich, or public feasts at the cross roads, or poor folk's banquets. He goes himself now and returns satiated to the fat wife he has now got, and gorges on sausages bought with her dowry, and though she hates him he slavers over her. She (his old concubine) defies him to injure her, and both tells his name and foretells his end.

¹ Here the poet pauses, and instead of continuing the line as you would expect—

them home as wife and concubine

he brings in what Nocturnus is really wedded to.

² The word "Thalassio" was used in Rome from the earliest times at marriages as an exclamation of congratulation to the bride. Its real meaning was unknown even to the Romans themselves, though they accounted for it in various fanciful ways. It may have been the name of the old god of marriage and used in the same way as the Greeks used Hymen.

- Dost think to throw me over now because
 I cannot sail the seas as heretofore,
 Nor bear the cold severe or suffer heat,
 Nor still accompany a victor's arms?
- 5 My wrath and old time rage, the tongue with which
 I am at hand for thee, the shameful life
 Of prostituted sister in thy tent,
 Are strong enough, are strong enough for me.
 O why dost thou excite me? Why, O man,
- 10 Devoid of shame and worthy Caesar's ban?
 Thy thefts, however, shall be told and, as
 Regards thy brother, parsimony late,
 His patrimony being squandered *now*;
 And e'en the common things that by the boy
- 15 Are done with men, the buttocks wet throughout
 The night, and over and above the shout,
 Thalassio, Thalassio, that's on
 A sudden raised by whom I cannot tell.
 Why hast thou paled, O woman? Do the jests
- 20 Afflict thee? Dost thou recognize thy deeds?
 Throughout the beautiful Cotytia¹
 Thou'lt not invite me to the festal p. . . s,
 Nor having seized the altars shall I see
 Thee afterwards, upon a little raft,
- 25 Bestir thy loins and for thyself invoke
 The yellow *river* near by sailors used,
 A place of smells where vessels stand aground,
 Retained in shallows by the filthy mud,
 And *there* contending with the water sparse;

¹ Cotytto was the goddess of licentiousness. Horace, speaking of her festival (Epod. 17, 57) says, "the mysteries of Cotytto, the rites of free love."

- 30 Nor wilt thou lead *the way* to kitchen, or
 To Compitalia¹ sumptuous, or feasts
 Penurious, with which as *also* with
 Their sticky waters filled thou dost return
 To buxom wife, and boiling sausages
 35 *Provided* by her dowry, breakest up,
 And hated, with thy kisses lickest her.
 Now injure me, now tear me if at all
 Thou hast the power! and I'll subscribe thy name.
 O Lucius the catamite, has wealth
 40 Now gone and do thy cheeks with hunger creak?
 I yet shall see thee having nought beyond
 Inactive brothers and an angered Jove,²
 And ruptured belly and the swollen feet
 Thy drunken uncle had from fasting long.

All but one of the MSS. have the following few lines sandwiched in between lines 16 and 17 of the above piece, to which they are quite foreign. Baehrens subjoins them to XI.

O skilful one, it is the injury
 O' th' age for thee beneath this mound to be.
 No less a guest *for that thou'lt be* in hearts
 Old-fashioned: with what *other* man *of parts*

¹ The Compitalia was a festival celebrated early in January every year in honour of the Lares Compitales. Sacrifices were offered to them at places where two or more roads meet.

² The Romans believed that every man and woman (every animal and place, too) had a special protecting spirit, which the woman called her Juno (see Petronius Arbiter, 25). The genius of men would therefore be connected with Jupiter, as here, and both may be regarded as emanations from the two great divinities. In imitation of women catamites called their genius a Juno. See Juvenal, ii, 98.

Might Rome the learned Athens emulate?
 'Tis given to none to vanquish iron Fate!

XIV

THIS epigram was probably written towards the close of his life, as it mentions the "Aeneid." It is addressed to Venus.

O THOU who cherishest th' Idalian seat,
 O Paphos, if 'tis granted to complete
 My work begun,¹ that now and finally
 The Trojan prince Aeneas borne with thee
 5 In worthy song through Roman towns may wend,
 I'll not with frankincense alone commend
 Thy temples, or with painted tablet pay;
 With cleanly hands I'll carry garlands gay,
 A ram that 's horned, a humble victim he,
 10 A bull, the greatest, shall besprinkle free
 These hallowed hearths in honour of *thy grace*.
 A wingéd Love to thee shall stand in place,
 A marble one or one with thousand hues,
 With painted quiver as the fashions use.
 15 O lady of Cythera,² mayst thou be
 At hand, for lo! thy Caesar calleth thee,
 As doth the altar of Surrentum's strand
To hasten hither from Olympus grand.

At the end of this piece there are four lines (of Latin) which have evidently been added by some grammarian, which may be translated thus:

"These also are the first efforts of that divine poet who

¹ *I.e.*, the "Aeneid."

² Compare a similar invocation to Venus, Horace, "Odes," i, 30.

was sweeter than the Syracusan bard,¹ greater than Hesiod,² and not less than Homeric in his diction,³ and are his unformed Epic Muse in various song.”

¹ The Syracusan bard was Theocritus, whose “Pastorals” Vergil imitated.

² Hesiod wrote on agriculture, and Vergil imitated him in the “Georgics.”

³ The “Aeneid” was an epic on the model of Homer’s “Iliad” and “Odyssey.”

CARMINA MINORA
P. VERGILII MARONIS

Fecit . . . Catalepton et Moretum et Priapeia et Epigrammata et
Diras et Culicem (Donatus in "Vita").

CULEX

LUSIMUS, Octavi, gracili modulante Thalia
atque ut araneoli tenuem formavimus orsum.
lusimus haec propter Culicis sint carmina dicta,
omnis ut historiae per ludum consonet ordo
5 notitiae ducumque voces, licet invidus adsit.
quisquis erit culpae jocos Musamque paratus,
pondere vel culicis levior famaue feretur.
posterius graviore sono tibi Musa loquetur
nostra, dabunt cum securos mihi tempora fructus,
10 ut tibi dignato poliantur carmina versu.
Latonae magnique Jovis decus, aurea proles,
Phoebus erit nostri princeps et carminis auctor
et recinente lyra fautor, sive educat illum
Arna Chimaero Xanthi perfusa liquore,
15 seu decus Asteriae, seu qua Parnasia rupes
hinc atque hinc patula praepandit cornua fronte,
Castaliaeque sonans liquido pede labitur unda
quare Pierii laticis decus, ite, sorores
Naides, et celebrate deum ludente chorea.
20 et tu, sancta Pales, ad quam ventura recurrit
agrestum bona fetura, sit cura tenentis
aerios nemorum cultus silvasque virentes:
te cultrice vagus saltus feror inter et antra.
et tu cui meritis oritur fiducia chartis
25 Octavi venerande, meis adlabere coeptis,
sancte puer, tibi namque canit non pagina bellum

triste Jovis ponitque *acies quibus horruit olim*¹
 Phlegra, Giganteo sparsa est quae sanguine tellus,
 nec Centaureos Lapithas compellit in enses,
 30 urit Erichthonias Oriens non ignibus arces,
 non perfossus Athos nec magno vincula ponto
 jacta meo quaerent jam sera volumine famam ;
 non Hellespontus pedibus pulsatus equorum
 Graecia cum timuit venientes undique Persas,
 35 mollia sed tenui pede carmina currere versu
 viribus apta suis Phoebos duce ludere gaudent.
 haec tibi, sancte puer, memorabitur, et tibi certet
 gloria perpetuum lucens, mansura per aevum ;
 et tibi sede pia maneat locus, et tibi sospes
 40 debita felices memoretur vita per annos,
 grata, bonis lucens. sed nos ac coepta feramur.
 ignibus aetherias jam Sol penetrarat in arces
 candidaque aurato quatiebat lumina curru
 crinibus et roseis tenebras Aurora fugarat ;
 45 propulit e stabulis ad pabula laeta capellas
 pastor et excelsi montis juga summa petivit.
 humida qua patulos velabant gramina colles.
 jam silvis dumisque vagae, jam vallibus abdunt
 corpora, jamque omni celeres e parte vagantes
 50 tondebant tenero viridantia gramina morsu.
 scrupaea desertis errabant ad cava ripis,
 pendula projectis carpuntur et arbuta ramis,
 densaque virgultis avide labrusca petuntur.
 haec suspensa rapit carpente cacumina morsu,
 55 vel salicis lentae vel quae nova nascitur alni,
 haec teneras fruticum sentis rimatur, at illa
 imminet in sui praestantis imaginem unda.

¹ Part of line by Buechler.

o bona pastoris, si quis non pauperis usum
mente prius docta fastidiat et probet illi
60 omnia luxuriae pretiis incognita curis
quae lacerant avidas inimico pectore mentes.
si non Assyrio fuerint bis lauta colore
Attaliciis opibus data vellera, si nitor auri
sub laqueare domus animum non angit avarum
65 picturaeque decus, lapidum nec fulgor in ulla
cognitus utilitate manet, nec pocula gratum
Alconis referent Boethique toreuma nec Indi
conchea baca maris pretio est: at pectore puro
saepe super tenero prosternit gramine corpus.
70 florida cum tellus gemmantes picta per herbas
vere notat dubiis distincta coloribus arva.
atque illum calamo laetum recinente palustri,
otiaque invidia degentem et fraude remota,
pollentemque sibi, viridi cum palmite lucens
75 Tmolia pampineo subter coma velat amictu.
illi sunt gratae rorantes lacte capellae,
et nemus et fecunda palus et vallibus intus
semper opaca novis manantia fontibus antra.
quis magis optato queat esse beatior aevo
80 quam qui mente procul pura sensuque probando
non avidas agnoscit opes nec tristia bella
nec funesta timet validae certamina classis,
nec spoliis dum sancta deum fulgentibus ornet
templa, vel evectus finem transcendit habendi,
85 adversum saevis ultro caput hostibus offert?
illi falce deus colitur non arte politus,
ille colit lucos, illi Panchaia tura
floribus agrestes herbae variantibus addunt,
illi dulcis adest requies et pura voluptas

- 90 libera, simplicibus curis; huic imminet, omnis
 derigit huc sensus, haec cura est subdita cordi,
 quolibet ut requie victu contentus abundet
 jocundoque levet languentia corpora somno.
 o pecudes, o Panes, et o gratissima Tempe
 95 fontis Hamadryadum, quarum non divite cultu
 aemulus Ascraeo pastor sibi quisque poetae
 securam placido traducit pectore vitam.
 talibus in studiis baculo dum nixus apricas
 pastor agit curas et dum non arte canora
 100 compacta solidum modulata harundine carmen,
 tendit inevectus radios Hyperionis ardor
 lucidaque aetherio ponit discrimina mundo,
 qua jacet Oceanum flammam in utrumque rapaces.
 et jam compellente vagae pastore capallae
 105 ima susurrantis repetebant ad vada lymphae,
 quae subter viridem residebant caerulea muscum.
 jam medias operum partes evectus erat Sol,
 cum densas pastor pecudes cogebat in umbras,
 et procul aspexit luco residere virenti,
 110 Delia diva, tuo, quo quondam victa furore
 venit Nyctelium fugiens Cadmeis Agave,
 infandas scelerata manus et caede cruenta—
 quae gelidis bacchata jugis requievit in antro,
 posterius poenam nati de morte futuram.
 115 hic etiam viridi ludentes Panes in herba
 et Satyri, Dryadesque chorus egere puellae
 Naiadum coetu: tantum non Orpheus Hebrum
 restantem tenuit ripis silvasque canendo,
 quantum te pernix remorantem diva, chorea
 120 multa tuo laetae fundentes gaudia vultu.
 ipsa loci natura domum resonante susurro

170

- quis dabat et dulci fessas refovebat in umbra.
nam primum prona surgebant valle patentes
aeriæ platani, inter quas impia lotos,
125 impia quae socios Ithaci maerentis abegit,
hospita dum nimia tenuit dulcedine captos;
ac quibus insigni curru projectus equorum
ambustus Phaethon luctu mutaverat artus
Heliades, teneris implexae bracchia truncis
130 candida fundebant lentis velamina ramis.
posterius, cui Demophoon aeterna reliquit
perfidiam lamentanti mala; perfide multis,
perfide Demophoon, et nunc defende puellis!
quam comitabantur fatalia carmina quercus,
135 quercus ante datae Cereris quam semina vitae;
illas Triptolemi mutavit sulcis aristas.
hic magnum Argoae navi decus edita pinus
proceros decorat silvas hirsuta per artus,
ac petit aeriis contingere montibus astra.
140 ilicis et nigrae species, et fleta cypressus,
umbrosaeque manent fagus, hederæque ligantes
bracchia fraternos plangat ne populus ictus,
ipsaeque ascendunt ad summa cacumina lentae,
pinguntque aureolos viridi pallore corymbos.
145 quis aderat veteris myrtus non nescia fati.
155 excelsisque super dumis, quos leniter adflans
156 aura susurrantis possit confundere venti.
148 his suberat gelidis manans e fontibus unda
149 quae levibus placidum rivis sonat orta liquorem.
146 at volucres patulis residentes dulcia ramis
147 carmina per varios edunt resonantia cantus.
150 et quaqua geminas avium vox obstrepit aures,
151 hac querulae referunt voces quis nantia limo

- 152 corpora lymphæ foveat; sonitus alit aeris echo
 153 argutis et cuncta fremunt ardore cicadis.
 157 pastor ut ad fontem densa requievit in umbra
 154 et circa passim fessæ cubuere capellæ
 158 mitem concepit projectus membra soporem.
 159 anxius insidiis nullis sed lentus in herbis
 160 securo pressos somno mandaverat artus.
 stratus humi dulcem capiebat corde quietem,
 ni Fors incertos jussisset ducere casus.
 nam solitum volvens ad tempus tractibus iisdem
 immanis vario maculatus corpore serpens,
 165 mersus ut in limo magno subsideret aestu,
 obvia vibranti carpens, gravis aere, lingua,
 squamosos late torquebat motibus orbes.
 tollebant auras venientis ad omnia visus.
 jam magis atque magis corpus revolubile volvens
 170 attollit nitidis pectus fulgoribus et se
 sublimi cervice caput, cui crista superne
 edita purpureo lucens maculatur amictu
 aspectuque micat flammæ lumina torvo.
 metabat sese circum loca, cum videt ingens
 175 adversum recubare ducem gregis. acrior instat
 lumina diffundens intendere et obvia torvo
 saepius arripiens infringere, quod sua quisquam
 ad vada venisset. naturæ comparat arma,
 ardet mente, furit stridoribus, intonat ore,
 180 flexibus evexis torquentur corporis orbes,
 manant sanguiniae per tractus undique guttae,
 spiritibus rumpit fauces. cui cuncta paranti
 parvulus hunc prior humoris conterret alumnus
 et mortem vitare monet per acumina. namque
 185 qua diducta genæ pandebant lumina gemmis

hac (senioris erat naturae) pupula telo
 icta levi, cum prosiluit furibundus et illum
 obtritum morte misit; cui dissitus omnis
 spiritus excessit sensus. tum torva tenentem
 190 lumina respexit serpentem comminus, inde
 impiger, exanimus, vix compos mente refugit,
 et validum dextra detraxit ab arbore truncum.
 qui casus sociarit opem numenve deorum
 (namque illi dederitne viam casusve deusve)
 195 prodere sit dubium, valuit sed vincere tali
 horrida squamosi volventia membra draconis,
 atque reluctantis crebris foedeque petentis
 ictibus ossa ferit, cingunt qua tempora cristae.
 et quod erat tardus omni languore remoto
 200 (nescius aspiciens timor obcaecaverat artus
 hoc minus implevit dira formidine mentem).
 quem postquam vidit caesum languescere, sedit.
 jam quatit et bijugis oriens Erebo eis equos Nox,
 et piger aurata procedit Vesper ab Oeta,
 205 cum grege compulso pastor duplicantibus umbris
 vadit et in fessos requiem dare comparat artus.
 cujus ut intravit levior per corpora somnus
 languidaque effuso requierunt membra sopore,
 effigies ad eum culicis devenit et illi
 210 tristis ab eventu cecinet convicia mortis.
 quis, inquit, meritis, ad quem delatus, acerbas
 cogor adire vices? tua dum mi carior ipsa
 vita fuit vita, rapior per inania ventis.
 tu lentus refoves jocunda membra quiete,
 215 ereptus taetris e cladibus: at mea manes
 viscera Lethaeas cogunt transnare per undas.
 praeda Charonis agor. vidi et flagrantia taedis

limina; collucent infectis omnia templis;
 obvia Tisiphone, serpentibus undique compta,
 220 et flammis et saeva quatit mihi verbera. pone
 Cerberus, et diris flagrant latrantibus ora,
 anguibus hinc atque hinc horrent cui colla reflexis,
 sanguineique micant ardorem luminis orbes.
 (heu quid ab officio digressa est gratia, cum te
 225 restitui superis leti jam limine ab ipso!
 praemia sunt pietatis ubi, pietatis honores?
 in vanas abiire vices. et jure recessit
 Justitia et prior illa Fides? instantia vidi
 alterius, sine respectu mea fata relinquens
 230 ad pariles agor eventus. fit poena merenti;
 poena sit exitium, modo sit dum grata voluntas.
 existat par officium). feror avia carpens,
 avia Cimmerios inter distantia lucos;
 quem circa tristes densentur in omnia poenae.
 235 nam vinctus sedet immanis serpentibus Otos
 devinctum maestus procul aspiciens Ephialten,
 conati quondam cum sint inscendere mundum;
 et Tityos, Latona, tuae memor anxius irae
 (implacabilis ira nimis) jacet alitis esca.
 240 terreor, a, tantis insistere terreor umbris.
 ad Stygias revocatus aquas; vix ultimus amni
 restat nectareas divum qui prodidit escas,
 gutturis arenti revolutus in omnia sensu.
 qui saxum procul adverso qui monte revolvit
 245 contempsisse dolor quem numina vincit acerbus
 otia quaerentem frustra sibi. ite, puellae,
 ite, quibus taedas accendit tristis Erinnyis,
 sicut Hymen, praefata dedit conubia mortis:
 atque alias alio densas super agmine turmas:

- 250 impietate fera vecordem Colchida matrem
anxia sollicitis meditantem vulnera natis:
jam Pandionia miserandas prole puellas,
quarum vox Ityn edit Ityn, quo Bistonius rex
orbis epops maeret volucres evectus in auras:
- 255 at discordantes Cadmeo semine fratres
jam truculenta ferunt infestaque lumina corpus
alter in alterius, jamque aversatus uterque
impia germani manat quod sanguine dextra.
eheu mutandus numquam labor! auferor ultra
- 260 in diversa magis, distantia nomina cerno;
Elysiam tranandus agor delatus ad undam.
obvia Persephone comites heroidas urget
adversas praeferre faces. Alcestis ab omne
inviolata manet cura, quod saeva mariti
- 265 in Chalcodoniis Admeti cura morata est.
ecce, Ithaci conjunx, semper decus Icariotis,
femineum concepta decus, manet et procul illa
turba ferox juvenum, telis confixa, procorum.
quid misera Eurydice tanto maerore recessit?
- 270 poenaque respectus et nunc manet Orpheos in te.
audax ille quidem qui mitem Cerberum umquam
credidit, aut ulli Ditis placabile numen,
nec timuit Phlegethonta furens ardentibus undis,
nec maesta obtenta Ditis ferrugine regna
- 275 defossasque domos ac Tartara nocte cruenta
obsita, nec facilis Ditis sine iudice sedes
iudice qui vitae post mortem vindicat acta.
Sed Fortuna valens audacem fecerat ante.
jam rapidi steterant amnes et turba ferarum
- 280 blanda voce sequax regionem insiderat Orphei,
jamque imam viridi radicem moverat alte

- quercus humo [steterant amnes] silvaeque sonorae
 sponte sua cantus rapiebant cortice avara.
 labentes bijugis etiam per sidera Luna
 285 pressit equos, et tu currentes, menstrua virgo,
 auditura lyram tenuisti, nocte relicta.
 haec eadem potuit Ditis te vincere conjunx,
 Eurydicen ultro ducendam reddere: non fas,
 non erat in vitam divae exorabile mortis.
 290 illa quidem nimium manes experta severos
 praeceptum signabat iter, nec rettulit intus
 lumina, nec divae corrumpit munera lingua.
 sed tu crudelis, crudelis tu magis, Orpheu,
 oscula cara petens rupisti jussa deorum.
 295 dignus amor venia, gratum si Tartara nossent
 peccatum; meminisse grave'st vos. sede piorum
 vos manet heroum contra manus; hic et uterque
 Aeacides: Peleus namque et Telamonia virtus
 per segura patris laetantur numina, quorum
 300 conubiis Venus et Virtus injunxit honorem.
 hunc rapuit Periboea, illum Nereis amavit.
 assidet hoc juvenis, sociat de gloria sortis,
 alte in excisum, referens a navibus ignes
 Argolicis, Phrygios turba ferit arte repulsos.
 305 o quis non referat talis divortia belli,
 quae Trojae videre viri videreque Graii,
 Teucria cum magno manaret sanguine tellus,
 et Simois Xanthique liquor, Sigeaque praeter
 litora cum Troas saevi ducis Hectoris ira
 310 truderet in classes inimica mente Pelasgas
 vulnera tela neces ignes inferre paratos?
 ipsa vagis namque Ida potens feritatis ab ipsa
 Ida faces altrix cupidis praebebat alumnis,

omnis ut in cineres Rhoetei litoris ora
 315 classibus ambustis flamma lacrimante daretur.
 hinc erat oppositus contra Telamonius heros
 objectoque dabat clipeo certamina, et illinc
 Hector erat, Trojae summum decus, acer uterque;
 fluminibus veluti fragor est e turbine nisis,
 320 *alter manu pinus flagrantes navibus infert*
tegminibus telisque superruit hostem ut forte
 eriperet reditus, alter Vulcania ferro
 vulnera protectus depellere navibus instat.
 hos erat Aeacides vultu celatus honores,
 325 Dardaniaepue alter fuso quod sanguine campis
 Hectoreo victor lustravit corpore Trojam.
 rursus acerba fremunt, Paris hunc quod letat, et hujus
 arma *viri poscunt*, pars huic pars destinat illi,
caeca dolis Ithaci virtus quod concidit icta.
 330 huic gerit aversos proles Laertia vultus
 et jam Strymonii Rhesi victorque Dolonis
 Pallade jam laetatur ovans, rursusque tremescit:
 jam Ciconas jamque horret atrox Laestrygone ipse.
 illum Scylla rapax canibus succincta Molossis,
 335 Aetneusque Cyclops, illum metuenda Charybdis
 pallentesque lacus et squalida Tartara terrent.
 hic et Tantaleae generamen prolis Atrides
 assidet, Argivum lumen, quo flamma regente
 Doris Erichthonias prostravit funditus arces.
 340 reddidit heu Graius poenas tibi, Troja, ruenti,
 Hellespontiacis obiturus reddidit undis.
 illa vices hominum testata est copia quondam,
 ne quisquam propriae fortunae munere dives
 iret inevectus coelum super: omne propinquo
 345 frangitur invidiae telo decus. ibat in altum

vis Argea petens patriam, ditataque praeda
 arcis Erichthoniae; comes huic erat aura secunda
 per placidum cursu pelagus; Nereis ab undis
 signa dabat, pars inflexis super acta carinis:
 350 cum seu coelesti fato seu sideris ortu,
 undique mutatur coeli nitor, omnia ventis,
 omnia turbinibus sunt anxia; jam maris unda
 sideribus certat consurgere, jamque superne
 corripere et soles et sidera cuncta minatur
 355 ac ruere in terras coeli fragor. hic modo laetans
 copia nunc miseris circumdatur anxia fatis
 immoriturque super fluctus et saxa Capherei,
 Euboicas aut per cautes, Aegeaque late
 litora, cum Phrygiae passim vaga praeda perempta
 360 omnis in aequoreo fluitat jam naufraga fluctu.
 hic alii resident pariles virtutis honore
 heroes, mediisque siti sunt sedibus omnes,
 omnes Roma decus magni quos suscipit orbis.
 hic Fabii Deciique, hic est et Horatia virtus,
 365 hic et fama vetus numquam moritura Camilli,
 Curtius et mediis quem quondam sedibus urbis
 devotum bellis consumpsit gurges in unda.
 Mucius et prudens ardorem corpore passus,
 cui cessit Lydi timefacta potentia regis,
 370 hic Curius clarae socius virtutis, et ille
 Flamminius, devota dedit qui corpora flammae.
 (jure igitur tales, sedes pietatis, honores),
 Scipiadasque duces quorum devota triumphis
 moenia rapidis Libycae Carthaginis horrent.
 375 illi laude sua vigeant: ego Ditis opacos
 cogor adire lacus viduos a lumine Phoebi,
 et vastum Phlegethonta pati quo, maxime Minos,

BaH¹.

CULEX

91

consclerata pia discernis vincula sede.
ergo quam causam mortis tum dicere vitae
380 verberibus saevae cogunt ab iudice Poenae.
cum mihi tu sis causa mali, nec conscius adsis,
sed tolerabilibus curis haec immemor audis,
et tamen ut vades, dimittes somnia ventis.
digredior numquam rediturus: tu cole fontis
385 et virides nemorum silvas et pascua laetus,
at mea diffusas rapiuntur dicta per auras.
dixit et extrema tristis cum voce recessit.
hunc ubi sollicitum dimisit inertia vitae
interius graviter regementem, nec tulit ultra
390 sensibus infusum culicis de morte dolorem,
quantumque sibi vires tribuere seniles
(quis tamen infestum pugnans devicerat hostem),
rivum propter aquae viridi sub fronde latentem
conformare locum capit impiger. hunc et in orbem
395 destinat ac ferri capulum repetivit in usum,
gramineam *ut* viridi foderet de caespite terram.
jam memor inceptum peragens sibi cura laborem
congestum cumulavit opus, atque aggere multo
telluris tumulus formatum crevit in orbem.
400 quem circum lapidem levi de marmore formans
conserit, assiduae curae memor. hic et acanthus
et rosa purpureum crescent pudibunda per orbem
et violae omne genus; hic est et Spartica myrtus
atque hyacinthus, et hic Cilici crocus editus arvo,
405 laurus item, Phoebi decus surgens; hic rododaphne
liliaque et roris non avia cura marini,
herbaque turis opes priscis imitata Sabina,
chrysanthusque hederaeque nitor pallente corymbo,
et bocchus Libyae regis memor; hic amarantus,

- 410 bumastusque virens et semper florida picris.
non illinc narcissus abest, cui gloria formae
igne Cupidinea proprios exarsit in artus,
et quoscumque novant vernantia tempora flores.
his tumulus super inseritur. tum fronte locatur
415 elogium, tacita firmat quod littera voce:
Parve culex pecudum custos tibi tale merenti
funeris officium vitae pro munere reddit.

DIRAE

BATTARE, cycneas repetamus carmine voces.

divisas iterum sedes et rura canamus,
rura quibus diras indiximus, impia vota.

ante lupos rapiant haedi, vituli ante leones,

5 delphini fugient pisces, aquilae ante columbas,

et conversa retro rerum discordia gliscet,

multa prius fient quam non mea libera avena.

montibus et silvis dicam tua facta, Lycurge,

impia. Trinacriae sterilecant gaudia vobis,

10 nec fecunda senis nostri felicia rura,

semina parturiant segetes non pascua colles,

non arbusta novas fruges, non pampinus uvas,

ipsae non silvae frondes, non flumina montes.

rursus et hoc iterum repetamus, Battare, carmen.

15 effetas, Cereris sulci, condatis avenas,

pallida flavescant aestu sitientia prata,

immatura cadant ramis pendentia mala,

desint et silvis frondes et fontibus humor,

nec desit nostris devotum carmen avenis.

20 haec Veneris vario florentiaserta decore,

purpureo campos quae pingit avena colore

(hinc aerae dulces, hinc suaves spiritus), agri

mutent pestiferos aestus et taetra venena,

dulcia non oculis non naribus ulla ferantur.

- 25 sic precor et nostris superent haec carmina votis.
lusibus et multum nostris cantata libellis,
optima silvarum, formosis densa viretis
tondentur virides umbras: nec laeta comantes
jactabis molles ramos infantibus auris,
30 nec mihi saepe meum resonabit, Battare, carmen.
militis impia cum succaedet dextera ferro
formosaeque cadent umbrae, formosior illis
ipsa cades, veteris domini felicia ligna
nequiquam. nostris potius devota libellis
35 ignibus aetheriis flagrabit. Jupiter (ipse
Jupiter hanc aluit) cines haec tibi fiat oportet.
Thraecis tum Boreae spirent immania vires,
Eurus agat mixtam fulva caligine nubem,
Africus immineat nimbis minantibus imbrem.
40 *fulminet flammis aetheriis incendetque silvam,*
cum tu cyaneo resplendens aethere, silva,
non iterum dices, crebro, tua Lydia, dixti.
vicinas flammae rapiant ex ordine vites,
pascantur segetes, diffusis ignibus auras
45 transvolet arboribus conjungat et ardor aristas;
pertica quae nostros metata est impia agellos
qua nostri fines olim, cines omnia fiat.
sic precor et nostris superent haec carmina votis.
undae quae vestris pulsatis litora lymphis,
50 litora quae dulces auras diffunditis agris,
accipite has voces: migret Neptunus in arva
fluctibus et spissa campos perfundat arena,
qua Vulcanus agros pastus Jovis ignibus arcet,
barbara dicatur Libycae soror, altera Syrtis.
55 tristius hoc meminì revocasti, Battare, carmen.
nigro multa mari dicunt portenta natare,

monstra repentinis terrentia saepe figuris
cum subito emersere furenti corpora ponto:
haec agat infesto Neptunus caeca tridenti,
60 atrum convertens aestum maris undique ventis,
et fuscum cinerem canis exhauriat undis.
dicantur mea rura ferum mare. nauta, caveto
rura quibus diras indiximus, impia vota.
si minus haec, Neptune, tuas infundimus aures,
65 Battare, fluminibus tu nostros trade dolores;
nam tibi sunt fontes, tibi semper flumina amica.
nil est quod pergam ulteris, merita omnia, diris.
flectite currentes nymphas, vaga flumina, retro,
flectite et adversis rursum diffundite campis,
70 incurrant amnes passim rimantibus undis,
nec nostros exire sinant erronibus agros.
dulcius hoc memini revocasti, Battare, carmen.
emanent subito sicca tellure paludes,
et metat hic juncos, spicas ubi legimus olim,
75 occupet arguti grylli cava garrula rana.
tristius hoc rursum dicit mea fistula carmen.
praecipitent altis fumantes montibus imbres,
et late teneant diffuso gurgite campos
qui dominis infesta minantes stagna relinquunt,
80 unde elapsa meos agros pervenerit unda.
piscetur nostris in finibus advena arator,
advena, civili qui semper crimine crevit.
o male devoti, parcarum crimine, agelli,
tuque inimica tui semper Discordia civis:
85 exsul ego indamnatus egens mea rura reliqui,
miles ut accipiat funesti praemia belli.
hinc ego de tumulo mea rura novissima visam
hinc ibo in silvas; obstabunt jam mihi colles,

obstabunt montes, campos adire licebit.
 90 dulcia rura valet et Lydia dulcior illis
 et casti fontes et, felix nomen, agelli.
 tardius a miserae descendite monte capellae,
 (mollia non iterum carpetis pabula nota)
 tuque resiste pater: et prima novissima nobis.
 95 intueor campos longum, manet obses in illis.
 rura valet iterum, tuque optima Lydia salve,
 sive eris, et si non mecum morieris utrumque.
 extremum carmen revocemus, Battare, avena.
 dulcia amara prius fient et mollia dura,
 100 candida nigra oculi cernent, et dextera laeva,
 mirgabunt casus aliena in corpora rerum
 quam tua de nostris emigret cura medullis.
 quamvis ignis eris, quamvis aqua, semper amabo;
 gaudia semper enim tua me meminisse licebit.

LYDIA

INVIDEO vobis, agri formosaque prata,
 hoc formosa magis, mea quod formosa puella
 in vobis tacite nostrum suspirat amorem.
 vos nunc illa videt, vobis mea Lydia ludit,
 5 vos nunc alloquitur, vos nunc arridet ocellis
 et mea submissa meditatur carmina voce,
 cantat et interea, mihi quae cantabat in aurem.
 invideo vobis, agri, discetis amare.
 o fortunati nimium multumque beati
 10 in quibus illa pedis nivei vestigia ponet,
 aut roseis viridem digitis decerpserit uvam
 (dulci namque tumet nondum vitecula Baccho),
 aut inter varios, Veneris stipendia, flores

- membra reclinarit, teneramque illiserit herbam,
15 et secreta meos furtim narrabit amores.
gaudebunt silvae, gaudebunt mollia prata
et gelidi fontes, aviumque silentia fient;
tardabunt rivi labentes, sistite lymphae!
dum mea jucundas exponat cura querelas.
20 invideo vobis agri; mea gaudia habetis,
et vobis nunc est, mea quae fuit ante voluptas.
at male tabescunt morientia membra dolore,
et calor infuso decedit frigore mortis,
quod mea non mecum domina est. non ulla puella
25 doctior in terris fuit aut formosior, ac si
fabula non vana est, tauro Jove digna vel auro
(Jupiter avertas aurem) mea sola puella est.
felix taure, pater magni gregis et decus, a te
vaccula non umquam secreta cubilia captans
30 frustra te patitur silvis mugire dolorem.
et pater haedorum felix semperque beate,
sive petis montes praeruptos, saxa pererrans,
sive tibi silvis nova pabula fastidire
sive libet campis: tecum tua laeta capella est.
35 et mas quocunque, est illi sua femina juncta,
interpellatos numquam ploravit amores.
cur non et nobis facilis Natura fuisti?
cur ego crudelem patior tam saepe dolorem?
sidera per viridem redeunt cum pallida mundum,
40 inque vicem Phoebi currens atque aureus orbis,
Luna, tuus tecum est: cur non est et mea mecum?
Luna, dolor nosti quid sit, miserere dolentis.
Phoebe, gerens in te laurus celebravit amorem.
et quae pompa deum non silvis fama locuta est,
45 omnia vos estis, secum sua gaudia gestat,

aut insparsa videt mundo: quae dicere longum est.
 aurea quin etiam cum saeculaolvebantur
 condicio similisque foret mortalibus illis,
 haec quoque praetereo: notum Minoidos astrum
 50 quaeque virum virgo, sicut captiva, secuta est.
 laedere, coelicolae, potuit vos nostra quid aetas,
 condicio nobis vitae quo durior esset?
 ausus ego primus castos violare pudores
 sacratamque meae vittam temptare puellae,
 55 immatura mea cogor nece solvere fata?
 istius atque utinam facti mea culpa magistra
 prima foret: letum vita mihi dulcius esset,
 non mea non ullo moreretur tempore fama,
 dulcia cum Veneris furatus gaudia primum
 60 dicerer, atque ex me dulcis foret orta voluptas.
 nam mihi non tantum tribuerunt impia vota
 auctor ut occulti noster foret error amoris.
 Jupiter ante sui semper mendacia factus,
 cum Junone, prius conjunx quam dictus uterque est,
 65 gaudia libavit dulcem furatus amorem.
*ac Venus gaudia occulti furata amoris
 venans seclusis in locis libavit Adone,*
 et mare tum tenera gavisata laedere in herba
 purpureos flores quos insuper accumbebat,
 70 grandia formoso supponens gaudia collo.
 tum credo fuerat Mavors distentus in armis;
 nam certe Vulcanus opus faciebat, et illi
 tristi turpabatque mala fuligine barbam.
 non Aurora novos etiam ploravit amores,
 75 atque rubens oculos roseo celavit amictu?
 talia coelicolae; numquid minus aurea promo?
 ergo quod deus atque heros, cur non minor aetas?

infelix ego, non illo qui tempore natus
quo facilis natura fuit. sors o mea laeva
80 nascendi, miserumque genus, quoi sera libido est!
tantam, vita, mei cordis fecere rapinam,
ut maneam quod vix oculis cognoscere possis.

MORETUM

- JAM nox hibernas bis quinque peregerat horas
excubitorque diem cantu praedixerat ales,
Symilus exigui cultor cum rusticus agri,
tristia venturae metuens jejunia lucis,
5 membra levat vili sensim demissa grabato,
sollicitaque manu tenebras explorat inertes
vestigatque focum, laesus quem denique sensit.
parvulus exusto remanebat stipite fomes,
et cinis obductae celabat lumina prunae.
10 admovet his pronam summissa fronte lucernam,
et producit acu stuppas humore carentes,
excitat et crebris languentem flatibus ignem.
tandem concepto, sed vix, fulgore recedit,
oppositaque manu lumen defendit ab aura,
15 et reserat clausae quae pervidet ostia clavi.
fusus erat terra frumenti pauper acervus:
hinc sibi depromit, quantum mensura petebat,
quae bis in octonas excurrit pondere libras.
inde abit adsistitque molae, parvaque tabella
20 quam fixam paries illos servabit in usus,
lumina fida locat. geminos tunc veste lacertos
liberat et cinctus villosae tergoe caprae,
perverrit cauda silices gremiumque molarum.
advocat inde manus operi, partitus utrimque;
25 laeva ministerio dextra est intenta labori.

haec rotat assiduis gyris et concitat orbem,
tunsa Ceres silicum rapido decurrit ab ictu.
interdum fessae succedit laeva sorori
alternatque vices. modo rustica carmina cantat
30 agrestique suum solatur voce laborem,
interdum clamat Scybalen. erat unica custos,
Afra genus, tota patriam testante figura,
torta comam labroque tumens et fusca colore,
pectore lata, jacens mammis, compressor alvo,
35 cruribus exilis, spatiosa prodiga planta.
continuis rimis calcanea scissa rigebant.
hanc vocat atque arsura focus imponere ligna
imperat et flamma gelidos bullire liquores.
postquam implevit opus justum versatile finem,
40 transfert inde manu fusas in cribra farinas
et quatit, ac remanent summo purgamina dorso.
subsedit sincera foraminibusque liquatur
emundata Ceres. levi tum protinus illam
componit tabula, tepidas super ingerit undas,
45 contrahit admixtas nunc fontes atque farinas:
transversat durata manu, liquidoque coacto
interdum grumos sale, jamque subactum
levat opus, palmisque suum dilatat in orbem,
et notat impressis aequo discrimine quadris.
50 infert inde foco (Scybale mundaverat aptum
ante locum) testisque tegit, super aggerat ignes.
dumque suas peragit Vulcanus Vestaque partes,
Symilus interea vacua non cessat in hora,
verum aliam sibi opem, neu sola palato
55 sit non grata Ceres, quas jungat comparat escas.
non illi suspensa focum carnaria juxta,
durati sale terga suis truncique vacabant;

- trajectus medium sparto sed caseus orbem
 et vetus astricti fascis pendebat anethi.
- 60 ergo aliam molitur opem sibi providus heros.
 hortus erat junctus casulae, quem vimina pauca
 et calamo rediviva levi munibat harundo,
 exiguus spatio variis sed fertilis herbis.
 nil illi derat quod pauperis exigit usus;
- 65 interdum locuples a paupere multa petebat.
 nec sumptus erat illud opus sed regula curae:
 si quando vacuum casula pluviaeve tenebant
 festave lux, si forte labor cessabat aratri,
 horti opus illud erat. varias disponere plantas
- 70 norat et occultae committere semina terrae,
 vicinosque apta cura summittere rivos.
 hic holus, hic late fundentes braccia betae,
 fecundusque rumex malvaeque inulaeque virebant,
 hic siser et nomen capiti debentia porra,
- 75 hic etiam nocuum capiti gelidumque papaver,
 grataque nobilium requies lactuca ciborum,
 acumina radix,¹
 et gravis in latum demissa cucurbita ventrem.
 verum hic non domini (quis enim contractior illo?)
- 80 sed populi proventus erat, notisque diebus
 venalis humero fascis portabat in urbem:
 inde domum cervice levis, gravis aere redibat,
 vix umquam urbani comitatus merce macelli.
 caepa rubens sectique famem domat area porri,
- 85 quaeque trahunt acri vultus nasturtia morsu,
 intibaque et Venerem revocans eruca morantem.
 tunc quoque tale aliquid meditans intraverat hortum.
 ac primum leviter digitis tellure refossa

¹ Part of line lost.

quattuor educit cum spissis alia fibris ;

90 inde comas apii graciles rutamque rigentem
vellit et exiguo coriandra trementia filo.

haec ubi collegit, laetum consedit ad ignem
et clara famulam poscit mortaria voce.

singula tum capitum nodoso corpore nudat

95 et summis spoliat coriis contemptaque passim
spargit humi atque abicit. servatum gramine bulbum
tingit aqua, lapidisque cavum dimittit in orbem.

his salis inspargit micas, sale durus adhaeso ¹

caseus adicitur, dictas super inserit herbas,

100 et laeva vestem saetosa sub inguina fulcit,

dextera pistillo primum fraglantia mollit

alia, tum pariter mixto terit omnia suco.

it manus in gyrum: paulatim singula vires

deperdunt proprias, color est e pluribus unus,

105 nec totus viridis, quia lactea frusta repugnant,

nec de lacte nitens, quia tot variatur ab herbis.

saepe viri nares acer jaculatur apertas

spiritus, et simo damnat sua prandia vultu,

saepe manu summa lacrimantia lumina terget,

110 immeritoque furens dicit convicia fumo.

procedebat opus: non jam salebrosus, ut ante,

sed graviter lentos ibat pistillus in orbes.

ergo Palladii guttas instillat olivi,

exigui super vires infundit aceti,

115 atque iterum commiscet opus mixtumque retractat.

tum demum digitis mortaria tota duobus

circuit, inque globum distantia contrahit unum,

constet ut effecti species nomenque moreti.

eruit interea Scybale quoque sedula panem :

¹ Another reading is *adesso*.

120 quem tertis recepit manibus, pulsoque timore
jam famis, inque diem securus Symilus illam
ambit crura ocreis paribus, tectusque galero,
sub juga parentes cogit lorata juvencos
atque agit in segetes et terrae condit aratrum.

COPA

COPA Surisca caput Graeca redimita mitella.
 crispum sub crotalo docta movere latus,
ebria famosa saltat lasciva taberna
 ad cubitum raucos excutiens calamos.
5 quid juvat aestivo defessum pulvere abesse,
 quam potius bibulo decubuisse toro?
sunt topia et kalibes, cyathi, rosa, tibia, chordae,
 et triclia umbrosis frigida harundinibus.
en et, Maenalia quae garrit dulce sub antro;
10 rustica pastoris fistula in ore sonat.
est et vappa cado nuper defusa picato
 et strepitans rauco murmure rivus aquae.
sunt etiam croceo violae de flore corollae,
 sertaque purpurea lutea mixta rosa,
15 et quae virgineo libata Achelois ab amne
 lilia vimineis attulit in calathis.
sunt et caseoli quos juncea fiscina siccant.
 sunt autumnali cerea pruna die.
castanaeque nuces et suave rubentia mala,
20 est hic munda Ceres, est Amor, est Bromius.
sunt et mora cruenta et lentis uva racemis,
 et pendet junco caeruleus cucumis.
est tuguri custos armatus falce saligna,
 sed non et vasto est inguine terribilis.
25 huc kalibita veni, lassus jam sudat asellus.
 parce illi, Vestae delictum est asinus.

nunc cantu crebro rumpunt arbusta cicadae,
nunc varia in gelida sede lacerta latet.
si sapis, aestivo recubans nunc prolue vitro,
30 seu vis crystalli ferre novos calices.
hic age, pampinea fessus requiesce sub umbra,
et gravidum roseo necte caput strophio,
formosum tenerae decerpens ore puellae.
a, pereat cui sunt prisca supercilia !
35 quid cineri ingrato servas bene olentia sarta ?
anne coronato vis lapide ista tegi ?
pone merum et talos. pereat qui crastina curat.
Mors aurem vellens, "vivite," ait, "venio."

PRIAPEIA

A

VERE rosa autumno pomis, aestate frequentor
spicis: una mihi est horrida pestis hiems.
nam frigus metuo, et vereor ne ligneus ignem
hic deus ignaris praebeat agricolis.

B

Ego haec, ego arte fabricata rustica,
ego arido, o viator, ecce populus,
agellulum hunc, sinistra et ante quam vides
erique villulam hortulumque pauperis
5 tuor malaque furis arceo manu.
mihi corolla picta vere ponitur,
mihi rubens arista sole fervido,
mihi virente dulcis uva pampino,
mihi glauca oliva duro frigore cocta.
10 meis capella delicata pascuis
in urbem adulta lacte portat ubera,
meisque pinguis agnus ex ovilibus
gravem domum remittit aere dexteram.
teneraque matre mugiente vaccula
15 deum profundit ante templa sanguinem.
proin, viator, hunc deum vereberis
manumque sursum habebis; hoc tibi expedit,
parata namque crux stat ecce mentula.

- “velim pol,” inquis? at pol ecce vilicus
 20 venit, valente cui revulsa bracchio
 fit ista mentula apta clava dexteræ.

C

- HUNC ego, o juvenes, locum villulamque palustrem,
 tectam vimine junceo caricisque manipulis,
 quercus arida rustica formitata securi,
 nutrior, magis et magis ut beata quotannis.
 5 hujus nam domini colunt me deumque salutant
 pauperis tuguri pater filiusque adolescens,
 alter assidua colens diligentia ut herbae
 asper aut rubus a meo sit remota sacello.
 alter parva manu ferens semper munera larga.
 10 florido mihi ponitur picta vere corolla,
 primitus tenera virens spica, mollis arista,
 luteae violae mihi lacteumque papaver,
 palantesque cucurbitae, et suave olentia mala,
 uva pampinea rubens educata sub umbra.
 15 sanguine haec etiam mihi (sed tacebitis) arma
 barbatus linit hirculus cornipesque capella.
 pro quis omnia honoribus hoc necesse Priapo est
 praestare, et domini hortulum vineamque tueri.
 quare hinc, o pueri, malas abstinete rapinas.
 20 vicinus prope dives est, neglegensque Priapus.
 inde sumite, semita haec deinde vos feret ipsa.

CATALEPTON

I

DELIA saepe tibi venit: sed Tucca videre
non licet; occultitur limine clausa viri.
Delia saepe tibi, non venit adhuc mihi; namque
si occultitur, longe est tangere quod nequeas.
venerit, audivi. sed jam mihi nuntius iste
quid prodest? illi dicite, quoi rediit.

II

CORINTHIORUM amator iste verborum
iste—iste rhetor, namque quatenus totus
Thucydides, tyrannus, Atticae febris;
tau Gallicum min et spin ut male illi sit
ista omnia ista verba miscuit fratri.

III

ASPICE, quem valido subnixum Gloria regno
altius et regni sedibus extulerat.
terrarum hic bello magnum concusserat orbem,
hic reges Asiae fregerat, hic populos.
hic grave servitium tibi, jam tibi, Roma, ferebat
(cetera namque viri cuspide conciderant).
cum subito in medio rerum certamine praiceps
corrui, ex patria pulsus in exilium.
tale deae numen, tali mortalia nutu
fallax momento temporis hora dedit.¹

¹ Understand *pessum*-dedit.

IV

QUOCUMQUE ire ferunt variae nos tempora vitae,
 tangere quas terras quosque videre homines,
 dispeream, si te fuerit mihi carior alter.
 alter enim quis te dulcior esse potest,
 cui juveni ante alios divi divumque sorores
 cuncta, neque indigno, Musa, dedere bona,
 cuncta quibus gaudet Phoebi chorus ipseque Phoebus?
 doctior o quis te, Musa, fuisse potest?
 o quis te in terris loquitur jucundior uno?
 Clio nam certe¹ candida non loquitur
 quare illud satis est, si te permittis amari;
 nam contra ut sit amor mutuus, unde mihi?

V

ITE hinc, inanes, ite rhetorum ampullae.
 inflata rioso non Achaico verba,
 et vos Seli que Tarquiti que Varro que,
 scholasticorum natio madens pingui,
 ite hinc inanis cymbalon juventutis.
 tuque o mearum cura Sexte curarum,
 vale Sabine, jam valete formosi.
 nos ad beatos vela mittimus portus,
 magni petentes docta dicta Syronis,
 vitamque ab omni vindicavimus cura.
 ite hinc, Camenae, vos quoque jam ite sane,
 dulces Camenae; nam fatebitur verum.
 dulces fuistis, et tamen meas chartas
 revisitote, sed pudenter et raro.

¹ For *nam certe*, perhaps *tam dulce*.

VI

SOCER, beate nec tibi nec alteri,
 generque Noctuine, putidum caput,
 tuoque¹ nunc puella talis et tuo
 stupore pressa rus abibit, et mihi
 ut ille versus usquequaque pertinet;
 gener socerque perdidistis omnia.

VII

SCILICET hoc sine fraude, Vari dulcissime, dicam:
 dispeream nisi me perdidit iste putus.
 sin autem praecepta vetant me dicere, sane
 non dicam, sed—me perdidit iste puer.

VIII

VILLULA, quae Syronis eras, et pauper agelle,
 verum illi domino tu quoque divitiae,
 me tibi et hos una mecum quos semper amavi,
 si quid de patria tristius audiero,
 commendo, in primisque patrem. tu nunc eris illi
 Mantua quod fuerat quodque Cremona prius.

IX

PAUCA mihi, niveo sed non incognita Phoebo,
 pauca mihi doctae dicite Pegasides.
 victor adest, magni magnum decus ecce triumphi,
 victor, qua terrae quaque patent maria,
 5 horrida barbaricae portans insignia pugnae,
 magnus ut Oenides utque superbus Eryx;

¹ One MS., *tuoque*, which then belongs to *puella*, if *tuoque* is taken supply *vilitio*.

nec minus idcirco vestros expromite cantus
 maximus et sanctos dignus inire choros.
 hoc itaque insuetis jactor magis, optime, curis,
 10 quid de te possim scribere quidve tibi.
 namque (fatebor enim) quae maxima deterrendi
 debuit, hortandi maxima causa fuit.
 pauca tua in nostras venerunt carmina chartas,
 carmina cum lingua tum sale Cecropio,
 15 carmina, quae pretium saeculis accepta futuris,
 carmina quae Pylimum vincere digna senem.
 molliter hic viridi patulae sub tegmine quercus
 Moeris pastores et Meliboeus erant,
 dulcia jactantes alterno carmina versu,
 20 qualia Trinacriae doctus amat juvenis.
 certatim ornabant omnes heroida divi
 certatim divae munere quoque suo.
 felicem ante alias o te¹ scriptore puellam!
 altera non Fama dixerit esse prior;
 25 non illa, Hesperidum ni munere capta fuisset,
 quae volucrem cursu vicerat Hippomenen;
 candida cycneo non edita Tyndaris ovo;
 non supero fulgens Cassiopeia polo;
 non defensa diu et multum certamine equorum,
 30 optabant gravidae quod sibi quaeque manus,
 saepe animam generi pro qua pater impius hausit,
 saepe rubro similis² sanguine fluxit humus;
 regia non Semele, non Inachis Acrisione,
 immiti expectant³ fulmine et imbre Jovem;
 35 non cujus ob raptum pulsi, liquere Penates
 Tarquinii patrios, filius atque pater,

¹ Instead of *o te*, some MSS. have *tanto*.

² *Viridis*? Cf. "Culex," 281.

³ Scaliger suggests *expertas*.

illo quo primum dominatus Roma superbos
 mutavit placidis tempore consulibus.
 multa neque immeritis donavit praemia alumnis,
 40 praemia Messallis maxima Publicolis.
 nam quid ego immensi memorem studia ista laboris?
 horrida quid durae tempora militiae?
 castra Foro solitus, Urbi praeponere castra
 (tam procul hoc gnato, tam procul hac patria)
 45 immoderata pati jam frigora,¹ jamque calores,
 sternere vel dura posse super silice,
 saepe trucem adverso perlabens sidere pontum,
 saepe mare audendo vincere, saepe hiemem,
 saepe etiam densos immittere corpus in hostes,
 50 communem belli nec meminisse² deum;
 nunc celeres Afros puniri, milia gentis,
 aurea nunc rapidi flumina adire Tagi,
 nunc aliam ex alia bellando quaerere gentem
 vincere et Oceani finibus ulterius.
 55 non nostrum est tantas, non, inquam, attingere laudes,
 quin ausim hoc etiam dicere, vix hominum est.
 ipsa haec, ipsa ferent rerum monumenta per orbem,
 ipsa sibi egregium facta decus parient.
 nos ea, quae tecum finxerunt carmina divi
 60 Cynthus et Musae Bacchus et Aglaia,
 si laudem aspirare humilis, et audire Sirenas,
 si patrio Graios carmina adire sales
 possumus, optatis plus jam procedimus ipsis.
 hoc satis est; pingui nil mihi cum populo.

¹ MSS. have *sidera*.² One MS. has *timuisse*.

X

- SABINUS ille, quem videtis, hospites,
ait fuisse mulio celerrimus,
neque ullius volantis impetum cisi
nequisset praeterire, sive Mantuam
5 opus foret volare sive Brixiam.
et hoc negat Tryphonis aemuli domum
negare nobilem insulamve Caeruli,
.
- ubi iste post Sabinus, ante Quinctio
bidente dicit attodisse forfice
10 comata colla, ne Cytorio jugo
premente dura vulnus ederet juba.
Cremona frigida et lutosa Gallia,
tibi haec fuisse et esse cognitissima
ait Sabinus; ultima ex origine
15 tua stetisse dicit in voragine,
tua in palude deposuisse sarcinas,
et inde tot per orbitosa milia
jugum tulisse, laeva sive dextera
strigare mula sive utrumque coeperat
.
- 20 neque ulla vota semitalibus deis
sibi esse facta, praeter hoc novissimum,
paterna lora proximumque pectinem.
sed haec prius fuere: nunc eburnea
sedetque sede seque dedicat tibi,
25 gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.

XI

“QUIS deus optavit te, nobis abstulit? an quae
dicunt a nimio pocula dura mero?”
“vobiscum, si est culpa, bibi. sua quemque sequenter
fata: quid immeriti crimen habent cyathi?”
“scripta quidem tua nos multum mirabimur et te
raptum et Romanam flebimus historiam,
sed tu nullus eris.” perversi dicite Manes,
hunc superesse patri quae fuit invidia?

XII

SUPERBE Noctuine, putidum caput,
datur tibi puella, quam petis, datur;
datur, superbe Noctuine, quam petis.
sed, o superbe Noctuine, non vides
duas habere filias Atilium,
duas, et hanc et alteram, tibi dari?
adeste, nunc adeste: ducit ut decet,
superbus ecce Noctuinus—hirneam.
Talassio, Talassio, *Talassio*.

XIII

JACERE me, quod alta non possim, putas,
ut ante vectari freta,
nec ferre durum frigus aut aestum pati,
neque arma victoris sequi?
5 valent, valent mihi ira et antiquus furor
et lingua qua adsim tibi,
et prostitutae turpe contubernium
sororis, o quid me incitas?
quid, impudice et improbande Caesari?

10 sed furta dicantur tua
 et hellvato sera patrimonio
 in fratre parsimonia,
 vel acta puero cum viris communia,
 udaeque per somnum nates,
 15 et inscio repente clamatum insuper
 Talassio, Talassio.
 quid palluisti, femina? an joci dolent?
 an facta cognoscis tua?
 non me vocabis pulchra per Cotyttia
 20 ad feriatos fascinos,
 nec dein movere lumbos in ratulam
 prensis videbo altaribus,
 flavumque propter tibimet olentis nauticum
 vocare, ubi adpulsae rates
 25 stant in vadis caeno retentae sordido,
 macraque luctantes aqua;
 neque in culinam et uncta compitalia
 dapesque duces sordidas,
 quibus repletus ut salivosis aquis
 30 obesam ad uxorem redis,
 et aestuantes dote solvis pantices,
 osusque lambis saviis.
 nunc laede, nunc lacesse, si quicquam vales!
 et nomen ascribo tuum.
 35 cinaede Luci, jamne te liquere opes,
 fameque genuini¹ crepant?
 videbo habentem praeter ignavos nihil
 fratres et iratum Jovem,
 scissumque ventrem et hircosi patru
 40 pedes inedia turgidos.

¹ Other MSS. *genium*.

XIII A

CALLIDE, mole sub hac te—est injuria saeculi,
antiquis hospes non minor ingeniis,
et quo Roma viro doctis certaret Athenis;
ferrea sed nulli vincere fata datur.

XIV

SI mihi susceptum fuerit decurrere munus,
o Paphon, o sedes quae colis Idalias,
Troius Aeneas Romana per oppida digno
jam tandem ut tecum carmine vectus est;
5 non ego ture modo aut picta tua templa tabella
ornabo et puris sarta feram manibus:
corniger hos aries humilis et maxima taurus
victima sacratos sparget honore focos;
marmoreusque tibi aut mille coloribus ales
10 in morem picta stabit Amor pharetra.
adsis, o Cytherea: tuus te Caesar Olympo
et Surrentini litoris ara vocat.

XIV A

VATE Syracosio qui dulcior, Hesiodoque
major, Homereo non minor ore fuit,
illius haec quoque sunt divini elementa poetae
et rudis in vario carmine Calliope.



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TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

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